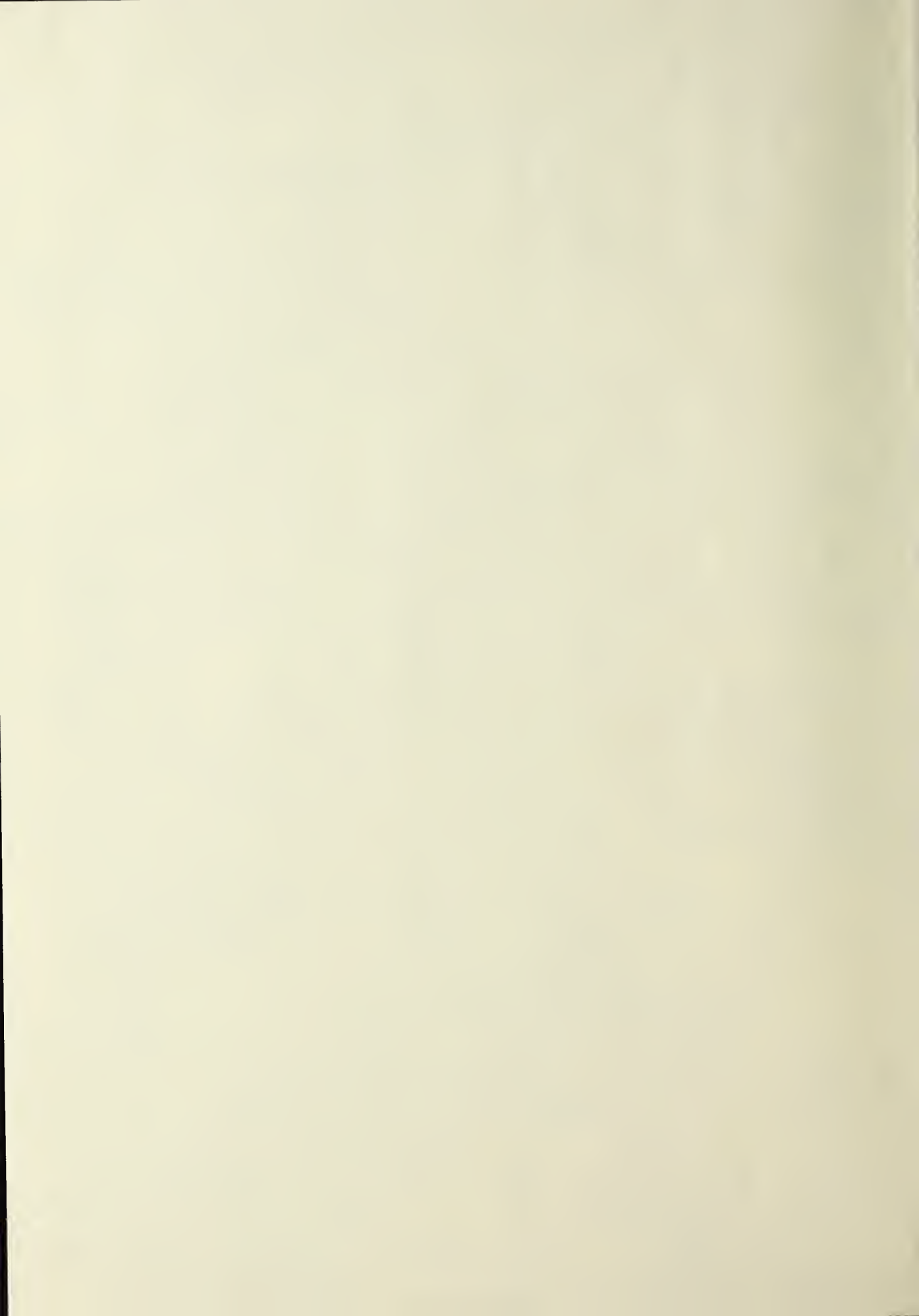




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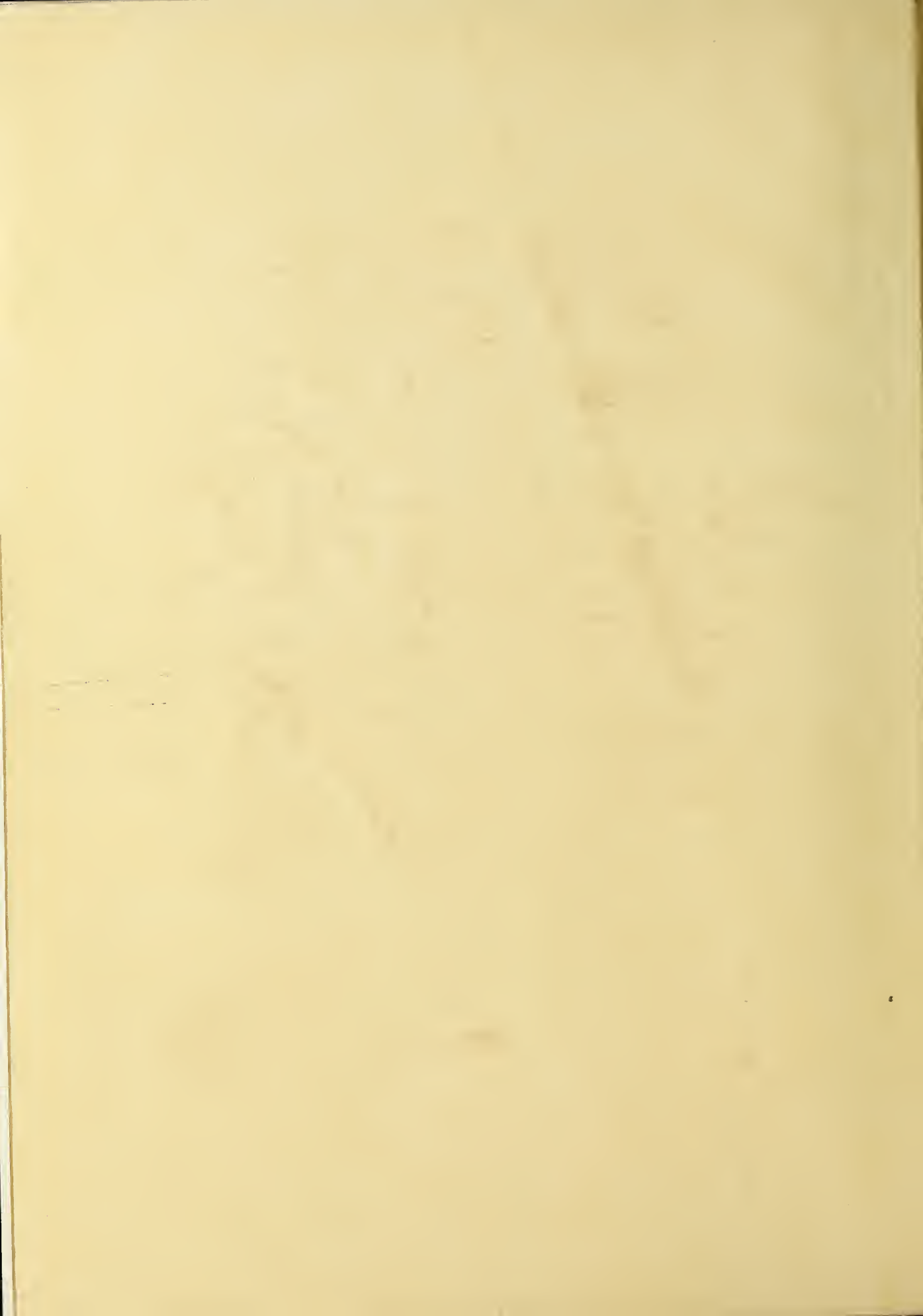
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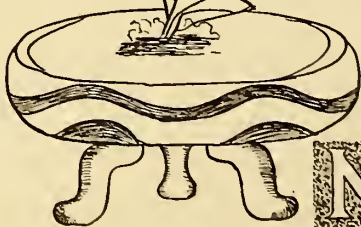




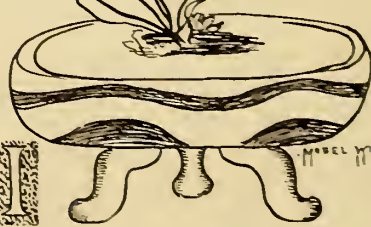


THE

ARBOR VITAE



MNI



MOSEL WINTERS
1918



Dedication

TO PRESIDENT KELLY, whose untiring efforts and wise counsel have been the leading factors in establishing and guiding this institution, we, the Editorial Staff, affectionately dedicate our Arbor Vitae.

Greeting



IN preparing this Arbor Vitae we have tried to use economically the means at our disposal and not incur obligations which we cannot expect reasonably to fulfill. Our aim has been to portray all the phases of college life, to present the records of persons that have played their parts well and have sent themselves out into the world, prepared to fight its battles.

I extend my thanks to every member of the staff and to everyone who has in any way aided in making this book a success.

College Joys



HE college man reaps his greatest joys, not in the hidden future, but in the open present. He believes in the future, but the doing of duty that lies nearest him, the little acts of kindness and love, the striving to be a better and a greater man is what he considers to be college joys. He labors to maintain a clear conscience and to keep the kindly light of hope ever before him as a directing power by day and a guiding light by night.

College men do not wish the world to know them as great men, but they desire to keep burning in their hearts the cleansing fire of love, so that their acts will be such as to teach the world the worth of college life. The true college man experiences his greatest joys in assisting others to reach the mountain top and thus to see the world crop full of delight and hope as one vast plain of joys.

During our college life strong friendships are formed. These friendships tower above the trials and adversities as the mighty oak towers above the less sturdy growth about it. When the gale breaks forth with all its fury, the oak bends its proud head in acknowledgement of the great power and shelters the vine, which clings to it for support. So with friends. When the disappointments and sorrows come they sympathize with us, and are bent with the burden of our sorrows. They help us to lift our faces toward the sunlight and once more journey toward our ideal. It is in college that we experience the joy of wisdom, not by blindly experimenting, but by watching others choose false lights on the shore. Thus we are spared the fate of those who are lost—who go down with the despair of their own mistakes.

We have the joy of gaining strength and power, this will enable us to avoid indifference and neglect and to overcome obstacles to inviting opportunities that go with us through our entire lives, and thus we are able to meet opportunity and to avoid the sickness of despair and the spell of indifference.

Confidence is ours. The failures of others do not cause our feet to falter, nor does vanity cause us to turn aside, but we press on toward our ideal goal. There is no failure for a true college man, for if at the end of his course he does not measure up to his ideal, he still has God's good world before him in which to experience joy and reach happiness.

It is the desire of the editor that this Arbor Vitae may in future years assist some one who has found life's fierce battles and who is on the verge of going down with the conquered, to receive hopeful inspiration, and from his college joys arise to more joyful realities.

Editor.



A COLLEGE BUILDING UNSTRIPPED IN THE WEST

Chronological Reflections



THE Muncie Normal Institute was not swaddled and dandled and rocked into being through the favor of the powerful, or the benign co-operation of quickly sympathetic forces. Prophetic Fortune smiled not on its humble birth and Melancholy seemed early to have marked it for her own.

"Nitor in adversum" was the motto which appropriately described much of the early struggle which accompanied the uprooting of rigid custom and settled prejudice. The wrenching and grinding of some powerful, though in-harmonious forces; the conflict of ideality and consecrated devotion against selfishness, pretense, greed and profit, not only tried patience and tested fortitude, but left some who fought in the early battles to wear the scars—the results of hurts and arrows intended for the infliction of death wounds.

It possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts that recommend it to the favor of smug contentment and well hedged conceit. But it was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did it follow the trade of winning the hearts by imposing upon the understandings of the people.

At every step of its progress there has been that which traversed and opposed, and at every turnpike it has had to show its passport, and again and again to prove its sole title to the honor of being useful to the city of its birth, to the state of its nativity, and the country which it loves. It has earned its place through proof to the world that it is not wholly unacquainted with the standards and necessities of its time, and the whole system of activities and forces which shape and control, and point the way of Twenty Century Education. Conceived in a pure desire honestly to serve, it has faced discouragement and doubt, but has frequently been able to transmute the wretched parsimony of its accumulated stores into plenteous hope, through the alchemy of enthusiastic and audacious venture.

As growth and progress is the only law which so vigorous a life can obey, those of us who now see its early successes need not expect, and should much less hope to see its star at zenith.

As time is measured on the calendar of years, the date of its birth does not reach back to legend or obscurity. This does not mean, however, that it has little of tradition, or less of happy memory.

The Muncie Normal Institute was incorporated under the laws of Indiana on October 6th, 1911. Its real history, so far as the outside world is concerned, must date from that time. This culminating act, however, meant simply a definite step forward in an attempt to make measurable and concrete, ideas, hopes and sentiments which had been crystalizing for many years prior thereto. The flood of activity and the tremendous quickening of forces which have made history, inspired hope, and offered promise since that date are too well known and too familiar to all who will be interested enough to peruse this writing to need repetition here.

Its path ahead seems free of pitfalls, and its rising sun of prosperity melts away all signs of gloom or despair. A perfect unison of voices unite in a swelling chorus, proclaiming its virtue and pledging devotion to its future welfare.

The Muncie Normal Institute!

Unfettered by any tie which binds it to the commonplace!

Unafraid in its conviction that right and virtue will ultimately triumph!

Palsied be the hand raised in sign of its destruction!

M. D. Kelley.

To the M. N. I.

Proudly she stands with rock-bound walls,
Northwest from the Magic City,
Among the groves of elm and oak
That makes her a throne of beauty.

To fill her walls from far and near,
From North and South and East and West
There come each year the worthy ones,
To be by her with learning blest.

To work for her, to play for her,
To pray for her and do all well,
To strive for that which makes us men,
That be the aim each life shall tell.

And when we leave thy noble halls,
To face our worldly tasks with cheer,
What tears we shed shall be in love,
Our hearts shall ever bind us here.

Here to this place shall memory turn,
Till death shall call us by and by,
Within our hearts shall love's light burn,
Our love for thee dear M. N. I.

—S. G. W.

Officers and Directors



M. D. KELLY, President



J. R. STEWARD, Vice President



CHAS. A. BOOKWALTER, Director



E. B. FRAIN, Secretary

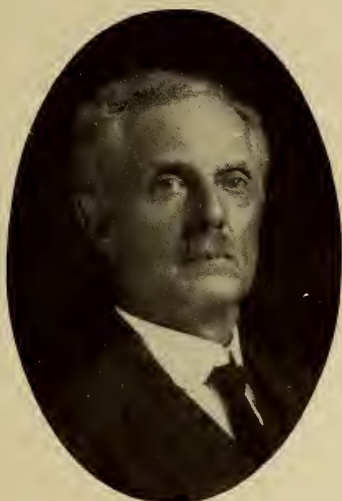


M. G. BURTON, Director



HARRIET M. JOHNSTON, Registrar

Faculty



Professor C. W. Boucher, the efficient dean of the Normal Department, and Mrs. Boucher, who have spent two decades of their lives in founding and nurturing a great popular institution of learning, are still devoting their energies to the interests of the Muncie school. It is the earnest desire of the faculty and student body that Mr. and Mrs. Boucher may spend yet many years in the work for which they are so eminently fitted and which they love with such devotion.



FRANK M. LIFE
Head of Department of Science



M. J. SEARLE
Head of Language Department



G. S. TAYLOR
Chemistry and Biological
Science



PEARL HUFF BARTHOLOMEW
High School Principal
History of Literature



M. C. TRIPP
Head of Mathematics



EDITH ARNOLD HOGAN
Oratory and Dramatic Art



E. D. CLARK
Pen Art



J. F. McMULLAN
Head of Department of History and
Literature



MELITA GRAFF HUTZEL
Instructor in German



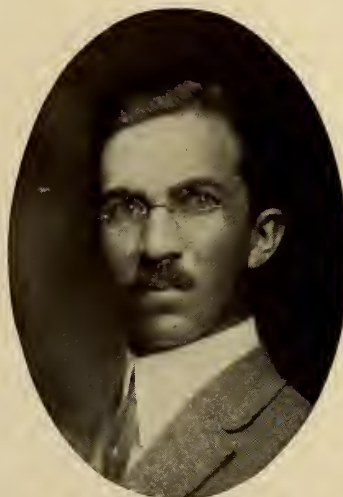
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Dean of Training School
Head of Department of Pedagogy



JULIAN R. STEWARD
Head of Agriculture Department



C. L. QUEAR
Instructor in Manual Training
and Agriculture



L. R. NAFTZGER
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M. G. BURTON
Head of Industrial Department



EVA SINCLAIR
Fine and Applied Arts



LOTA KING
Instructor in English



MARY HORNUNG
Special Training Teacher



IDA M. ROBINSON
Head of Department of Home Economics



HAZEL ALICE DRUMMOND, Ph. D.
English and Mathematics



JENNIE KING
Special Training Teacher



SADIE ROSS
Assistant in Domestic Science
and Domestic Art



BERTHA H. STRAUCH
Assistant in Domestic Science
and Domestic Art



ALICE BINGHAM
Assistant in Domestic Science
and Domestic Art



KATHERINE SHAW NICHOLS
Psychology
American and English Literature



INEZ KEEVER
Assistant in Domestic Science
and Domestic Art



CHARLES R. SCUDDER
Manual Training and Mechanical Drawing



LULU HUFFMAN
Instructor in Piano



BERTHA BURTON
Instructor in Piano



H. C. GAST
Dean of Public School Music



IRENE BOSWELL ST. QUENTIN
Head of Piano Department



LAURA CRAIG POLAND
Piano and Harmony



BEULAH JANNEY
Instructor in Piano



FLORENCE LILLIAN HALL
Head of City Training School Department



O. L. BOOR, D. V. S.
Instructor in Veterinary Surgery



O. W. CALVIN
Agriculture



MABEL WINTERS
Assistant Art Instructor

Calendar

FALL TERM

Monday, September 21, 1914—Matriculation and registration of students.
Tuesday, September 22, 1914—Students enrolled in classes and recitations.
Thursday and Friday, November 26 and 27, 1914—Thanksgiving recess.
Thursday, December 10, 1914—Term ends and grades given out.

WINTER TERM

Monday, December 14, 1914—Matriculation and registration of students.
Tuesday, December 15, 1914—Students enrolled and classes begin.
Thursday, December 24 to Monday morning January 4, 1915—Holiday recess.
Thursday, March 11, 1915—Term ends and grades given out.

SPRING TERM

Monday, March 15, 1915—Matriculation and registration of students.
Tuesday, March 16, 1915—Students enrolled and classes begin.
Monday, April 26, 1915—Recess for Mid-Spring Term opening (one day).
Monday, May 31, 1915—Decoration Day recess (one day).
Friday, June 4, 1915—Term ends and grades given out.

MID-SPRING TERM

Monday, April 26, 1915—Matriculation and registration of students.
Tuesday, April 27, 1915—Students enrolled and classes begin.
Monday, June 7, 1915—Recess for Summer Term opening.
Friday, July 16, 1915—Term ends and grades given out.

SUMMER TERM

Monday, June 7, 1915—Matriculation and registration of students.
Tuesday, June 8, 1915—Students enrolled and classes begin.
Thursday, August 26, 1915—Term and year ends.

MID-SUMMER TERM

Monday, July 19, 1915—Matriculation and registration of students.
Tuesday, July 20, 1915—Students enrolled and classes and recitations begin.
Thursday, August 26, 1915—Term and year ends.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK 1915

Sunday morning, August 22—Baccalaureate Sermon.
Monday evening, August 23—Conservatory of Music Commencement.
Tuesday afternoon, August 24—Annual Business Meeting of Alumni Association.
Tuesday afternoon and evening—Exhibition and Commencement of Industrial Department.
Tuesday, 9:00 p. m.—Banquet of Alumni Association.
Wednesday evening, August 25—Oratory Commencement.
Thursday afternoon, August 26—Annual Field Day Exercises.
Thursday evening—Final Commencement Exercises, with presentation of Diplomas and conferring of Degrees.



ROBERT LAMBERT, Editor-in-Chief
GOLA CLEVINGER, Business Manager

Our Ideals

We question the gloomy pessimist and sadly he saith,
"The joys of this life are fleeting as the phantom or wraith"
But, my doubting friend, take this saner thought from me—
Happiness is an essential commodity.

If you would foster higher aim of mind and splendid strength,
Follow the certain trail of fixed purpose—go your length.
For up the vast mountain of earnest endeavor,
Are carved the steps to things that we truly strive for.

This is a beautiful world viewed from a proper angle,
And 'tis our fault if the colors blur and the scenes tangle.
We can make the barren spots glow with promise bright,
Leaving no hint of wintry storm or dark'ning night.

All of us need the creed that's founded upon love, hope and trust,
And 'mid the toilsome strife, the battlecry "I dare—I must"
Our souls expand diffusing cheer and charity,
Through our ideals we reach what we hope to be.

—K. L. N.



EDITORIAL STAFF

College and Classic	Homer L. Arnold
Scientifics	Cumie H. Summers
Oratory	Clarence Beck
Art	Mabel Winters
Music	John V. Maier
Commercial	Harry Sellers
Home Economics	Besse Hayden
High School	Henry B. Morrow
Industrial	William O. Fox
Classes A, B, C, and Two-Year	Anna Vaughn
Penmanship	Denzel Stewart
Y. M. C. A.	Maurice O'Bannon
Y. W. C. A.	Anna Vaughn
Athletics	Reed Groninger

Children of the Father

A snake in the Garden of Eden
Tempted Eve with the blaze of his eyes
And pointed the road to our heartaches,
When the vixen accepted his prize.

Is it fair then to blame us poor children
When tempted too strongly we fall,
Wasn't Charity's garment expanded
So's to furnish some clothes for us all?

Is error so rare among mortals
Is the toll it exacts so complete,
That e'en Shylock's exactions seem paltry
When we're caught in the snares at our feet?

The jam and the cookies and sweetbreads
Sitting high on the old pantry shelf
Way back in the twilight of boyhood
Seemed ever a heckoning elf.

We'd been told of the Apples of Sodom,
We'd been warned how wrong 'twas to steal,
But who'd have the heart to grudge ever
The joys of that clandestine meal?

'Tho discovered and frightened and scolded
And we cried till our two eyes were red,
'Twas Mother in loving forgiveness—
Who, that eve, tucked us warmly in bed.

'Tho oft we were chastened and frightened
Till fearful ahead seemed our path,
At prayer time, both Father and Mother,
Seemed ere to relinquish their wrath.

Are there not somewhere in Reason
Some things that will furnish excuse,
And will He not smile at our mischief?
When sometimes we're "raising the dence?"

I don't make a plea for abandon,
(I know for my soul 'twon't be well)
But, admitting the "Old Nick" is in us,
Does it mean that we're gone straight to Hell?

Those doleful and pale blooded fellows
Whom even our frolics annoy,
Don't speak by the card for His wishes,
Include in the plan no kill-joy.

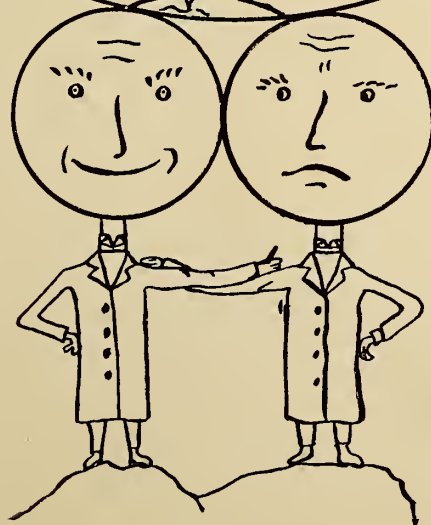
So here's to the smile and the sunshine,
And here's to the death of deep gloom.
In God's loving and tender forgiveness,
In His House for us all He'll find room.

—M. D. K.

College Class



Small



But
mighty

Graduates



CLARENCE BECK, A. B.
Lincoln, Ind.

"I'd like to live among the mountains where
Boulders ("d" silent) are numerous."

ORVILLE M. CRAIG, A. B.
New Castle, Ind.

"May I ask a question, Professor?"

The Story of the Stars and Stripes



HE American flag is a growth, rather than a creation. Its history can be traced back to the twelfth century, or nearly six hundred years prior to the first "Flag Day," June 14, 1777.

During the first crusade in 1195, Pope Urban II assigned to all of the Christian nations as standards, crosses varying in color and design, emblematic of the warfare in which they were engaged. To the Scotch troops was assigned the white saltire, known as the white cross of St. Andrew, on a blue field. The British used a yellow cross, but a century and a quarter later they adopted a red cross on a white field, known as the red cross of St. George.

When James VI of Scotland ascended the throne of England as James I, he combined the two flags, and issued a proclamation requiring all ships to carry the new flag at their main masts. At the same time the vessels of south Britain were to carry at their foremasts the red cross of St. George and the ships of north Britain to carry the white cross of St. Andrew.

The new flag was known as "Kings Colors," the "Union Colors," or the "Great Union," and later as the "Union Jack," and was the one under which the British made all their permanent settlements in America. It was the flag of Great Britain only by proclamation, however; not until 1707 did Parliament pass an act definitely uniting the two countries and their flags. In the same year the Government issued regulations requiring the Navy to use what was known as the white ensign; the Naval Reserve, the blue ensign; and the Merchant Marine, the red ensign. Owing to the fact that the British merchant vessels were everywhere, the colonists in America came to look upon this red ensign as the flag of Great Britain.

The people in the New England colonies were bitterly opposed to the cross in the flag. In 1635 some of the troops in Massachusetts declined to march under this flag and the military commissioners were forced to design other flags for their troops with the cross left out. The design they adopted has not been preserved. In 1652 a mint was established in Boston. Money coined in this mint had the pine tree stamped on one side of it. The pine tree design was also used on New England flags, certainly by 1704 and possibly as early as 1635.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the American colonies had no flag common to all of them. In many cases the merchant marine flag of England was used with the pine tree substituted for the Union Jack. Massachusetts adopted the green pine tree on a white field with the motto, "An Appeal to Heaven." Some of the southern states had the rattlesnake flag with the motto, "Don't Tread on Me" on a white or yellow field. This flag had been used by South Carolina as early as 1764. Benjamin Franklin defended the rattlesnake device on the ground that the rattlesnake is found only in America and that serpent emblems were considered by ancients to be symbols of wisdom.

In September 1775 there was displayed in the south what is by many believed to be the first distinctively American flag. It was blue with a white crescent, and matched the dress of the troops, who wore caps inscribed, "Liberty or death."

The colonists desired to adopt a common flag, but they had not yet declared independence and were not at first seeking independence. They took the British flag as they knew it, and made a new colonial flag by dividing the red field with white stripes into thirteen alternate red and white stripes. This is known as the Cambridge flag, because it was first unfurled over Washington's headquarters at Cambridge, Mass., on January 1, 1776. It complied with the law of 1707 by having the Union Jack on it; it also represented the thirteen colonies by the thirteen stripes.

As the colonists gradually became converted to the idea that independence from the mother country was necessary, they began to modify the flag, first by leaving off the Union Jack, and using only the thirteen horizontal stripes. The modified flags were not always red and white, but regularly consisted of combinations of two colors selected from red, white, blue and yellow. The final modification was the replacement of the Union Jack by the white stars on a blue field.

The stars are the only distinctive feature of the American flag. The charming story which credits Betsy Ross with making the first flag of stars and stripes is still accepted by historians. When Washington suggested the six-pointed star, she demonstrated the ease with which a five-pointed star could be made by folding a piece of paper and producing one with a single clip of the scissors. Some writers are of the opinion that both stars and stripes in the flag were derived from the coat of arms of the Washington family, but this theory is not generally held.

The official adoption of our first flag was in 1777. On June 14 of that year the Continental Congress passed an act providing that "the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." The thirteen stars were arranged in a circle to symbolize the perpetuity of the union of the states.

Vermont was admitted to the union in 1791 and Kentucky in 1792. It was felt that these two new states ought to be recognized on the flag, so in 1794 Congress passed an act making the flag fifteen stars and fifteen stripes.

This remained the flag of the United States throughout the War of 1812, until there were twenty states in the union. In 1816, an effort was again made to modify the flag so that all the new states would be represented on it. To be continually adding stripes would make the flag very awkward in shape and appearance, so after arguing the matter for two years, Congress decided to return to the original thirteen stripes and one star for each state. Congress has never determined the arrangement of the stars nor the shape and proportions of the flag, and there has been great variation, especially in the grouping of the stars. There are still many who believe that the symbolic circular grouping of stars should be restored.

CLASSIC



MAUD CURRENT

Class Organization

DELBERT E. LEIST, President GEO. W. SCHELL, Vice President
EARL E. BENSON, Secretary

CLASS ROLL

Homer L. Arnold	Charles G. Pepe
Earl E. Benson	Rollie Ponsler
P. J. Fushelberger	Geo. W. Schell
Delbert E. Leist	Chester D. Schlegel
L. M. Martin	Eva M. Taylor



HOMER L. ARNOLD
Flint, Mich.

"Strong, simple and silent are the steadfast
laws that sway this Universe of none with-
stood."

EARL E. BENSON
Muncie, Ind.

"As some mighty cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the
storm."

P. J. FUSHELBERGER
Beech Grove, Ind.

"Ein Deutscher von die Hauptstadt."

DELBERT E. LEIST
Bluffton, Ind.

"I would be in politics if it were not so rotten,
and the suffragettes would not interfere."

L. M. MARTIN
Muncie, Ind.

"A man of silence—except when he talks."



CHARLES G. PEPE
Monroe, Ind.

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, onward through
life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begun, each
evening sees it close."

GEO. W. SCHELL
White Water, Ind.

"A brisk wielder of the rod; a lover of little
women."

EVA M. TAYLOR
LaPorte, Ind.

"Modest and shy as a girl should be—the
rose of the class."

CHESTER D. SCHLEGEL
Daleville, Ind.

"The bell rang before time this morning,
professor."



CLASSIC CLASS

Apostrophe to Time

Oh Time! Thou monster of Celestial birth,
You paint our locks a silvery white,
You furrow the brow and banish mirth
Ending our hopes with Chaotic night.

Since first you began to wind your monstrous coils
O'er the barren rocks of our terrestrial sphere,
Charming myriads with your flowery foils,
Wounded, slow, venomous, void of mortal fear.

Poisoning ever with your deadly venom
Those daring to slumber in your direful way,
Countless mortals against you daily come
With cries of despair for that fatal day.

Still, round your baleful eyes you cast,
Planning vengeance for every wrong of yore
Until your mighty insults are avenged at last
And engraven forever in tragic lore.

You are as long as space is wide,
Neither knowing a beginning nor an end.
A friend firm, faithful, true and tried,
Or a foe who will no quarter lend.

Better for man to perish in youthful bloom
Than hope to conquer you in mortal strife.
And prolong the agony of a hopeless doom
By waged combat with immortal life.

Long the grievances, ancient the insults,
Wide the conflict, hopeless, endless, dire,
Waged in every clime by myriad cults,
All vanquished as by Celestial fire.

Alas, how few in life's wild endeavor
Dream of your presence stern, silent, drear,
Sure to avenge, sparing, pardoning never,
Awarding, avenging e'er without fear.

Then far in advance of your horrid array
Men ever must breast the surging tide.
Lest alas, they awake some fateful day
In terror by your vast deadly side.

Finding life's feeble hope blasted forever,
Facing in horror, your grim lurid cast,
Piercing, triumphant, cold, mockingly clever
Exulting for the wrongs avenged at last.—H. L. A.

"Will all the girls in cooking,
Please their uniforms all wear,
And assemble for their picture,
And look pleasant! Do not stare!"
Then retracts and walks demurely
To the oblivion of the rear.

From the other side come one
Who is tall and most convincing—
"Now you SCUDDER when the ball plays,
All you other people root,
Root right loudly and right hearty,
Every fellow root,—'Ga hoot'!"

In the lull that follows this speech,
One arises and advances,
In a very SINCLAIR manner.
Simultaneous with this one,
Rises one upon the front row,
And together they begin.
Then the snicker from the students,
Causes each to eye the other,
The first that either is aware,
Of the other one's intention
To make a speech.
Horror and confusion!
The Classic Class discomfited
The Art Class all at sea,
Fail to know their leaders wishes,
Or where the meetings were to be.

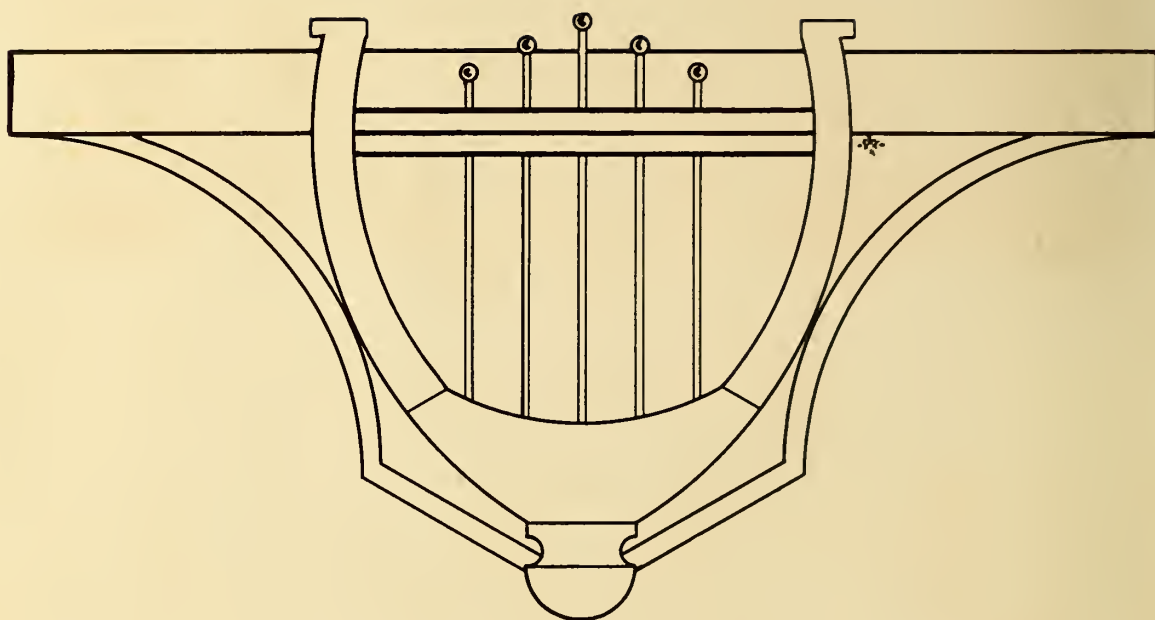
At this point Dean B— once more arises,
With a question very dear,
To the hearts of all the students,
Who are still assembled here.
"Is there anybody present,
Who is all that we could wish,
Is there anyone prepared for
A place that's just like this?"
Then came from out the silence,
In a whisper, small and wee,
From a trembling, quaking student
"Here am I, Prof., send me."

Next arose a figure tall,
Who from a life of toil and strife,
Conveys a message peaceful,
In his Chapel Thoughts on Life,
One who has crossed the water
And been on the bounding Main,
Who has seen all men and nations,
From Cattegat to Spain.
But in all his wide experience,
No matter where its root,
There is nothing quite so dear,
As the Muncie Institute.

This speech ended,
Then quite eager
All the Prof's assembled here,
Start to march into their class room,
Before their students to appear.

The echoing footsteps die away,
Silence and dusk now have their sway,
Deserted is the Classic Hall,
Until next morning's Chapel call.

—P. H. B.





Class Organization

LESTER YOUNG, President

REED GRONINGER, Vice President

GEORGE BARNS, Secretary

SYLVIA SHANKS, Treasurer

CUMIE H. SUMMERS, Associate Editor

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Lowell Carey	Dema Huff	Cumie H. Summers
Nellie Cook	Lyman Hann	Sylvia Shanks
Reed Groninger	Floyd Hodson	Mabel Schmidt
Mabel Gilbert	Willard Johnson	Oren Sloan
Elmer Huffer	Maurice N. O'Bannon	Chester G. Vernon
Shurleigh Harter	Jasper Reynolds	Frank L. Wildrick
Ray Haffner	Rosecoe D. Shaffer	Lester Young



SCIENTIFIC CLASS



LYMAN HANN
"The poem is at home."



AUDREY HOUGH
"I'll try."



DEMA HUFF
"In actions how like an angel."



SHURLEIGH HARTER
"Her voice was ever soft."



MAURICE N. O'BANNON
"I don't believe I know."



FLOYD HODSON

"Well,—yes,—I think so, professor."

MABEL GILBERT

"There goes the Lake Erie."

RAY HAFFNER

"I don't understand you."

LOWELL CAREY

"Bashfulness is more often a sign of wisdom than over-assurance."

EDNA BOYER

"Has two eyes for fun and is up to all kinds of practical jokes."



LESTER YOUNG

"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talkin vain.

BERNICE SUTHERLAND

"Got your Trig?"

JASPER REYNOLDS

"Who said Chemistry?"

SYLVIA SHANKS

"What's my room-mate doing now?"

ROSCOE D. SHAFFER

"The hangeron."

NELLIE COOK

"Who should worry?"



MABEL SCHMIDT

"Silence is more eloquent than words."

FRANK L. WILDRICK

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

CUMIE H. SUMMERS

"Wears her clouds inside out to show their silver lining."

OREN SLOAN

"If the girls don't want us we know how to stay away."

CHESTER G. VERNON

"Whether he knows a thing or no,
His tongue would continually go."

WILLARD JOHNSON

"Come and trip as you go on a light fantastic toe."

ELMER HUFFER

"There's time to take the pleasant."

REED GRONINGER

"My deeds are full of vim and go,
My brain is full of H₂O."

The Scientific's Ten Commandments for All Students

1. Thou shalt not slumber late in the morning, but shall rise up and hie thyself to thy six fifty classes for he that is late to class causeth the Prof. to turn upon him with wrath.

2. Thou shalt not trouble the Prof. saying, "Professor, what grade wills't thou give me at the term's ending?" for verily he knoweth not and thou art not liable to find out till thy report reacheth thy pater.

3. Thou shalt not cut class until five minutes after the hour for surely the wrath of the Prof. will rise up like a thunderbolt and in a loud voice he will cry out, "Why cuttest thou me?" and he will oppress the class for the rest of the term.

4. Thou shalt not look with covetous eyes upon thy neighbor's well written note book, nor his drawings, nor his problems for verily the faculty will seek out thy iniquities and will figure out that thou played at marbles for keeps, when thou wert a mere child.

5. Honor the faculty and their rulings, that thy days may be long in college, and thy efforts crowned with a sheepskin.

6. Thou shalt not tarry long on the campus or you will be _____ or even if you are not, report will be spread abroad that you are, which is truly as bad.

7. Thou shalt not mistreat the Co-Eds. For verily they do the best they can and surely their looks will improve with larger numbers.

8. Thou shalt not speak to a stroller on the street, saying, "May I accompany you on a stroll?" for verily the way of the transgressor is hard and the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generations.

9. Thou shalt not kill the assignment upon which thou workest for surely the faculty will see what thou doest and will expect more of the other students, thereby working hardship on them.

10. Thou shalt not say unto another, "Lo, behold, have not the Profs. a soft snap? They receive much pay and work not hard at all." Verily I say unto you, their beds are not all roses. They rise early and toil much, even when the other people are singing within the synagogue.

Cumie Summers, Associate Editor.



PHYSICS LABORATORY—MUNCIE NORMAL INSTITUTE

Scientifics That Are and Scientifics To Be



It would be impossible for a stranger visiting the Muncie Normal Institute and making the rounds of the beautiful campus not to be attracted by certain individuals, whom he would meet on every hand, who are classified on the college records as Scientifics.

We have had almost two years of that undefinable "something" which a college education inculcates.

Now into the heart of each one of us creeps a momentary chill as we realize that the world is but a few steps away.

The path of life leads—where?

Let him who possesses an earnest desire for the answer to this great problem be assured that the enlightenment will come quickly and the closed door fly open at the touch of his hand. The one that cares not where he goes, nor why, will wander about until overwhelmed by his own uncertainty. Only the unquenchable thirst for something higher will lead one to Success.

Some one of us in the great battle against circumstances may sink exhausted to the earth, but not ingloriously, let us hope.

As we travel let each remove a stone from the path in the service of those to follow. This is a small effort for one but many hands will soon clear the road.

We realize that our days are short and we must soon leave our dear old Alma Mater. It will always be a dear place to each and we can never forget our many professors, who were always patient, cheerful, and willing to help us build our ladder of Success.

We are not going to try to give our class history. We have tried to build a history worthy for any class to be proud of and are going to leave it with our dear old Alma Mater.

To every Scientific now comes home the thought, "What can we offer for all the Muncie Normal Institute gave us?" We desire to give in gratitude the pay we should.

We came to gain what seemed of great concern,—degrees and credits—but, instead we learn of better things than those for which we wrought.

How can we pay our debt? There will be a few who can repay with money, but we trust the gold is least of all the offerings due. Our part is to be noble, upright, just and quit in part the debt by lives that honor her where'er we go.

When the cares of life make us falter,
When we feel all the world in vain,
Still memories dear of the days passed here,
Will come back to allay our pain.


When the joys of life make us thankful,
When our cup flows full to the brim,
A prayer and a blessing for old M. N. I.
We breathe as our eyes grow dim.

Cumie Summers, Associate Editor.



STUDENTS OF ORATORY DEPARTMENT

A Fragrant Retrospection

O history of the Muncie Normal Institute would be complete without an account of the work done by the Oratory Department. The many times the student body and its friends have been convulsed with laughter by our incredible pranks and ridiculous situations, and the sympathetic tears have been shed for the oppressed, show that we need not write our history, for our record is already imprinted in the minds and hearts of our fellow students, where we hope it will remain long after the leaves have fallen from the Arbor Vitae of 1914.

The Oratory Department appreciates the enthusiastic support and excellent manner in which its work has been received by the school.

Our goal has not been reached without much toil and labor, but as the end draws near and we look back over the year, it is seen that the "sweet" has so often predominated over the "bitter" that we almost wish the time was not so near when we must say good-bye to our Alma Mater.


The Oratory Classes are always bound more closely by the ties of friendship than those of any other department. To one unacquainted with our work this seems strange and affords a problem of some perplexity, but to us the solution is simple. In our work it takes an honest and best endeavor of each and every individual to make a perfect ensemble. The trials and tribulations one passes through in his school career are so similar that only those who have experienced them can fully appreciate what it means. Another factor equally important is our teacher, Mrs. Edith Arnold Hogan. Her untiring efforts, patience, sympathy, and good nature combined with the broad and comprehensive knowledge of her subject, and the desire to help, makes the class room a place of sunshine, anticipation and inspiration where all work in harmony and good fellowship.

It is the desire of each member of the class of 1914 to live a life so useful that both teacher and school may be proud of his every effort. We trust, furthermore, that the Muncie Normal Institute will ever prove a "Dear Mother" and we her "Faithful Children."

Clarence Beck, Associate Editor.

Mixed Medley

ARRANGED BY ETHEL MASON

NCE upon a Midnight dreary while I pondered weak and weary over many a quaint and curious volumn of forgotten lore—While I nodded nearly napping suddenly there came a tapping as of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door. I muttered—

Why Miss Farley is it really you? It's been so long since I saw you that I hardly knowed you. Come right in an' set down, I was jest a wishin' some one would come in. I've felt so kind of downsy all mornin'. I reckon like enough it is my stummick. I thought—

I heard a noise. Anything like the sound of a rat makes my heart go pit-a-pat—

Oo-oo-oo-oo— May be it's a bear, if it ever catches you you'll die right



Scene from "Red Aere Farm"

Scene from "Littlest Girl"

Scene from "A Night Off"

then and there, oo-oo-oo— it's over by the chair; hold your breath. I'm scared to death 'cause—

My ma she tol' my pa an' pa he said you come right out here to this here shed. Tell you he whipped us till we were sore. Made us both promise to do it no more. That's a long time ago and now—

You send me forth with Ishmael not on a journey through a pleasant land upon a camel as my mistress rides with kisses and sweet words and dates and wine but cast me off and sternly send me forth into the wilderness

To be a cowboy an' ride a firey hoss way out into the big and boundless west. I'd kill the bears an' catamounts an' wolves I come across an' I'd pluck the bal' head eagle from his nest! With my pistol at my side. I would holler—

"Molly! Molly! don't idle there; there's work to do, you've got your share,"—

An' then a red-nosed drunken tramp of low-toned rowdy style, gave an interductory hiccup an' then staggered up the aisle then thro' the holy atmosphere there crep'er sense er sin an' thro' the air uv sanctity the odor ov ol' gin. Then Deacon Burington he yelled—

O, spare my child, my joy, my pride! O, give me back my child! she cried—

All night long—

I stood on the bridge at midnight as the clocks were striking the hour, and the moon rose over the city behind—

(Sing) The blue ridge Mountains of Virginia on the trail of the lonesome pine. In the pale moonshine our hearts entwined, where—

The splendor falls on castle walls and snowy summits old in story; the long light shakes across the lakes and the wild cataract leaps in glory. Blow bugle blow! set the wild echoes flying; answer echoes answer, dying, dying, dying,—

Miles away among the Mountains, Heard that sudden cry of anguish, heard the voice of Minnehaha calling to him in the darkness, Hiawatha! Hiawatha! Over snow encumbered branches Homeward hurried Hiawatha empty handed, heavy hearted, heard Nokomis moaning, wailing—

Child lost, child lost, blue eyes, curly hair, pink dress, child lost—

In Pittsburg some two weeks before the opening of the world's fair I was seated in my office busily engaged—

In shouting Massala, Massala jove with us, Jove with us—

While the band played "Home Sweet Home"—

(Sing) 'Way down upon the Swaney River, far, far away; there's where my heart is turning eber; there's where—

The rooster shrill spokesman for the brood says one-third polite and two-thirds rude, "I'm cock-a-doodle-do—

And who in the deuce are you?"

Christopher Columbus, October 21, 1492, discovered land after a voyage of ten weeks. In a full suit of armor and bearing the flag of Spain he landed. With tears of joy he knelt upon the ground and said—

I ain't a-goin' to cry no more, no more! I'm got ear-ache, an' ma can't make it quit a-tall; an' Carlo bite my rubber ball an' puncture it; an' Sis she take an' poke my knife down through the stable floor an' loozed it—blame it all! But I ain't goin' to cry—

On Atair! on Rigel! What Antares dost thou linger! What, ho, Aldebram! Good horse, oh ho! I hear them singing in their tents! I hear the women singing and the children singing of the stars of Atair, Rigel, Antares, Aldebram, and the song will never end! Home tomorrow under the black tent! Home! The tribe is waiting for us and the master is waiting and the song will never end. We have overthrown the proud! Ours is the victory! Steady, steady! So ho! So ho! Stead! Rest.

Ben Hur swept around the first goal and the race was won.



"Lies down to pleasant dreams."—Thanatopsis
 A Group of Senior Girls
 "And yet the dead are there."—Thanatopsis

Plays Produced

"Diamonds and Hearts"	"Hazel Kirke"
"Red Acre Farm"	"Rose of Eden"
"All a Mistake"	"Miss Fearless & Co."
"A Little Savage"	"The Real Thing"
"A Regiment of Two"	"Those Landladies"
"Plain People"	"Her Hero"
"The Deacon's Second Wife"	"Dad Says So Anyhow"
"At Retreat"	"Between Friends"
"The Littlest Girl"	"As Molly Told It"
"The Lost Paradise"	"Julius Caesar"
"A Night Off"	"As You Like It"

Adaptations by the Post-Oratory Class

"Silas Marner"	Oaka C. Denney
"Shepherd of the Hills"	Hal J. Larrabee
"Girl of the Limberlost"	Ethel Mason
"Lion and the Mouse"	Cecil Dougherty
"Sign of the Cross"	Clarence Beck
"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"	Lois Kidnocker

Books, Plays and Poetry Read by the Oratory Class

"Boots at the Holly Tree Inn"	Dickens
"Christmas Carol"	Dickens
"Romeo and Juliet"	Shakespeare
"Hamlet"	Shakespeare
"Scarlet Letter"	Hawthorne
"Rip Van Winkle"	Irving
"Handful of Clay"	Van Dyke
"The Mansion"	Van Dyke
"The Other Wise Man"	Van Dyke
"Polly of the Circus"	Mayo
"The Raven"	Poe
"The Bells"	Poe
"Thanatopsis"	Bryant
"Dora"	Tennyson
"Enoch Arden"	Tennyson
"Hiawatha"	Longfellow
"Cataract of Lodore"	Southey
"Going Home"	Day
"The Queen's Robe"	Reed
"East Lynne"	Wood
"Scenes from Ben Hur"	Wallace
"Scenes from Othello"	Shakespeare
"Scenes from Ingomar"	Lowell
"Scenes from Leah and Forsaken"	Daly



POST GRADUATE CLASS
Japanese Drill



ZERA BOLLER

"With enemies unknown and friends by the
score,
We shall remember her forever and evermore.



SADIE BELLE FLINN

"I always wuz er dazzler."



FERN HODSON

"She is 'the real thing'."



LOIS KIDNOCKER, B. O.

"Although I do not care for Benedict, I love
the name of Arnold."



CLARENCE BECK, B. O.

"I never had a past and I haven't anything
to confess." Exhibit "B."



CECIL HELEN DOUGHERTY, B. O.

"I am afraid the only delay of the male is at this end of the line."



ETHEL MAY MASON, B. O.

"Well, I'm his mother-in-law."



OKA DENNY, B. O.

"No bang in front; no bustle behind—jist
"Cinders."



HAL J. LARRABEE, B. O.

"Kiss me, Darling."

Oratory

'Tis well to find in the start,
The best that the world has in store.
First master Oratory—the Art of all arts,
That accomplished, you need strive no more.

Oratory helps to evolve tact,
And trains every part of man.
It makes you feel at liberty to act,
And perfects one if any art can.

To our Oratory colors we'll ever be true;
Hurrah! for the White and Green!
We'll take off our hats and gladly salute
To our colors wherever they're seen.

Here's to the Art of Oratory,
May she live forever and aye,
And to every person we give much glory
Who has the right to say,—

"Niggah, niggah, hoe potatoe, half past alligator
Ram, bam, bull, a-niggah chicka-raw dog
Are we in it? Well, I guess,
Oratory! Oratory! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

—Cecil Dougherty.

Triumph Number One

LOOK, fellows! What's this coming down the street?"

"Well, what do you think about that?"

"Put your hat on straight Jim!"

"Run upstairs and put on your collar!"

We can't run in opposition to that!"

Thus the conversation ran on among the crowd of college fellows collected in front of the restaurant, while down the street came a young man who was the subject of their remarks. He was going north carrying the tell-tale suitcase in one hand and a Muncie Normal Institute catalogue in the other.

But this was not such a rare sight that it ordinarily would have caused the boys to "Sit up and take notice." Their interest was directed this way because of the new kid gloves, the tip of the silk kerchief which was visible from his side pocket, and the immaculately clean shoes which he had stopped down the street to brush with his handkerchief. His whole appearance furnished quite a contrast to theirs, because this was Saturday—the one day in the week on which they felt free to lounge about in comfortable attire.

The stranger finally disappeared within the M. N. I. building, and the dinner bell immediately drove all thoughts of him from the boys minds.

Sunday afternoon, while the boys were lying on the campus grass, who should come by but this same stranger in company with—well, the nerve of some people!—the best girl of one of these fellows. This was unheard of audacity and must be stopped at once. The idea of a stranger with his girl! As for the girl, she seemed to be unconscious of the crowd's presence, and was laughing and seemingly enjoying herself to the great satisfaction of her companion.

The couple turned the corner, and immediately the indignation meeting on the campus was in full session. Plans for getting even were discussed with such spirit that one might have thought our nation's honor was at stake.

Finally they agreed to collect west of the building, near "Plymouth Rock," Monday, at 9 p. m. to have spies out to watch every move of the young man and to report when he retired, then to go in a body, take the fellow out by force if necessary, and make him promise to let their girls alone. If he showed a disinclination to promise, a ducking in the fountain—or repeated duckings if necessary—would be resorted to. One thing they were certain of. He must be seen no more in company with their girls.

While their plans were being perfected, they were unaware of the presence of a young man, who was lying under a tree near enough to hear every word.

The hour for assembly finally arrived and the crowd gathered. The spies reported that the fellow had retired very early, and that all evening he had been in unusually good spirits.

About twelve o'clock shadows flitted about under the trees, and dark forms emerged into view near the house where their "unconscious victim to be" lay sleeping. The ladder borrowed from a neighboring yard without the owner's consent, was cautiously placed against the window sill. The three

boys who were to bring forth the prisoner, quietly mounted the ladder while their companions waited below. The three slipped through the open window and disappeared from view.

They cautiously crossed the room toward the bed, all intending to seize him at the same time. Nearer and nearer they approached. They stretched forth their hands, but——

There in the moonlight on the bed lay a beautiful girl. Her blond curls fell in abundance about her cheeks, a band of blue ribbon partially held them in place. A smile hovered about her lips. Her filmy night dress, elaborately trimmed in lace and having a large blue ribbon bow on the shoulder, was slightly visible because of the turned back coverlet. She was breathing deeply, utterly unconscious of the intruder's presence.

They gasped in astonishment. They wanted to run. They started to scramble over each other in their efforts to reach the window. Then they realized they must get out of the room without waking the girl. Wouldn't it be terrible if she should hear them, scream, and cause them to be arrested! They could almost see the front page of the "Muncie Star" with these words on it: "Three college fellows caught prowling around at midnight in the room of a prominent society belle. Community much excited, motive, robbery."

The boys below were getting impatient. Why didn't the fellows come back? Soon they saw the three hurriedly, but cautiously descend the ladder, and without a word—just a wave of the hand to signify that the rest should follow—hurry as fast as they could go to the campus.

No sooner had the crowd gotten out, than the door of the adjoining room opened, and the boy who had overheard the plans entered. Then the beautiful girl raised up in bed, slipped off her ribbon head-band and wig, and was transformed into the stranger.

Such a time as these fellows had. They laughed until they cried. Then they turned hand springs, rolled on the floor, and indulged in every other kind of exercise they could think of in order to "work off" their surplus feelings.

In the meantime an explanation of the mistake was being made on the campus. This caused the boys to scatter in all directions as they didn't care to be found in the vicinity of that house.

The next morning the old crowd was seated in front of the building as usual. Up the front walk leisurely strolled the new student with the same girl; apparently the crowd did not see them, for just then they were occupied in studying the distant landscape which very suddenly had become intensely interesting.

As the new student entered the door he unconsciously(?) glanced back, and on his whole face was the expression, which if interpreted would have meant, "Triumph number one."

Williamson.

COMMERCIAL

Modern Money Worship

"This Time" to money worship gives,
In toll, its million human lives;
It crushes hearts, it hathes in tears,
On tender hearts it feeds and thrives.

The Moloch Monster 'throned sits
With beady, gleaming, wicked eyes,
His puppets strut with conscious power,
They grind the poor, they hreathe on sighs.

In lusty thrift and selfish strife,
With clutching, greedy, nervous hands,
Men count as dross the grace of God
And wealth, as money, power and lands.

Make not this graven image, thing
To worship. It was writ of old
A hootless quest, a bad exchange,
Of precious souls for glittering gold.

Receding flesh and tamer blood,
The wrinkles of advancing years
Give warning of the flight of time,
Of garnered store, of hopes and fears.

Yet gluttled with the lust for more,
And steeped in world desire for pelf,
The orphan's cry, the widow's need,
Are smothered out by thoughts of self.

We sin away our day of grace—
A pauper lot, when we take hence
The record of our stewardship,
God's just demands to recompense.

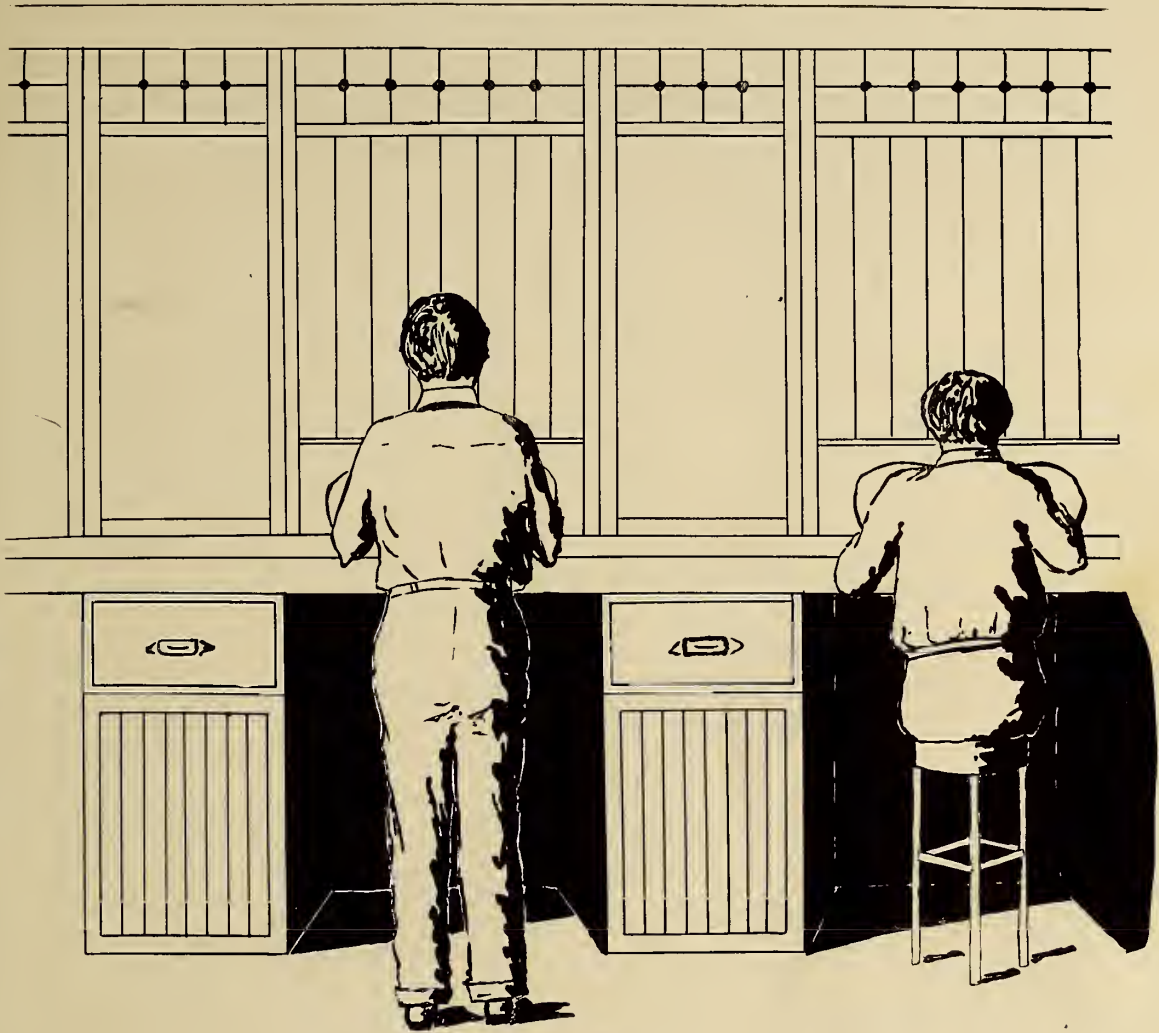
The camel through the needle's eye,
Can reach his goal with surer pace
Than him who blindly fails to see
Christ's image in the tortured face.

When want and woe and penury,
Hold vigil 'stern, nor give surcease
Except in death—the poor do mourn,
They pray, they sigh for its release.

Sometime the rifted clouds will show,
The steady promise in the East,
And myriad hands will beckon us
In welcome, to the Master's feast.

Sweet Charity will there preside,
(And oh, the charm and peace of all!)
Attune thy soul, the time is short,
Prepare thine ear to hear the call.

—M. D. K.



LOIS SIGLEY



N the course of the short, but eventful existence of the Muncie Normal Institute, no department has been more generally prosperous at all times than the Commercial. The administration, realizing that this world of today is truly a commercial one, calling for men and women who are prepared, who come into active work in it with a distinct knowledge of scientific business methods, has given the department every attention. Rooms in the most congenial part of the building have been devoted to the work, careful attention has been given to the equipment of the offices in the Actual Business Department, and, in general, everything possible has been done to make the Commercial one of the strongest departments in the school, and the results have fully justified the care given.

The prosperity in this Department can easily be traced to another source also. Because of the careful instruction and interest in our welfare shown us by our teachers, we desire to tender our heartiest thanks to:

J. E. James, Head of Department of Bookkeeping; Mrs. Essie B. Kimberlin, Head of Department of Shorthand, and to all others of the faculty who have assisted us.

Roll Call of 1914.

Class Organization

GOLA CLEVINGER, President	ARNOLD HOGAN, Treasurer
HARRY SELLERS, Vice President	PANSY GUTHRIE, Secretary
PEARL BUFFINGTON, Assistant Secretary	

Motto—"Impossible is un-American"

Class Colors—Steel Gray and Crimson

Class Flower—Richmond Rose



J. B. LEON

"Wisdom from across the pond."

H. M. KILGORE

"I know but one way—duty."

PEARL BUFFINGTON

"Good hearted, noble and true."

MARGUERITE MURPHY

"No, she isn't Irish."

BEULAH BROWN

"Little and clever."



GOLA CLEVINGER
"He longed for more world's to conquer."



RAY WHITE
"It's all in the system."



ARNOLD HOGAN
"Broadway's brightest star."



BLANCH JENSEN
"A fair-haired girl."



EDITH SHAFFER
"The world is too much with us."



FOREST VAIL

"He carries himself like a man with heart
as large as his hoots."

MARY SOLOMAN

"The book worm."

GRACE ADDISON

"Order is heaven's first law."

NELLIE CLARK

"Implores the passing tribute of a smile."

AREBA SIMMONS

"A dear, true, industrious friend."



RUDOLPH WEYLAND

"Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge."

FLORELLA MAE ROE

"There is no love like my first love."

A Night Off



WAS taking Irene to the Business Class picnic, held at Riverside Park, Eaton, for one grand time. Everything went lovely until we started down that long Eaton hill. Just Irene and I, in my big Oakland car. How beautiful Irene looked that day, to be sure, with that white hat and with stray wisps of hair blowing this way and that over her soft cheeks, made rosy as the sun, from excitement and swift motion of the car. And how I thrilled when she laughed in glee and told me that I was a perfectly splendid chauffeur, and that she would rather ride with me than to eat sea-foam. I thought of asking her if she would journey through life with me in that same joyous hand-in-hand fashion, but finally decided to await a more opportune time.

And then the descent began. Confidently I released the clutch and applied the foot brakes. Perhaps I applied them too quickly or too strongly, but the brake-rod snapped, and in an instant they were useless and, startled as the machine gained speed, I leaned over quickly and grasped the emergency brake. What was my horror to find that it yielded to the slightest touch without having the least effect of stopping the increasing motion of the car! In the sudden agony of the moment I remembered disconnecting it the night before for adjustment and not completing the job. The very blood froze in my veins; I trembled like a leaf as I pictured the machine crushed to a shapeless mass, pinning our mangled bodies to a tree. But it was too late now to

cry and realizing our safety depended on my skill of steering, I steeled my nerves against the unspeakable terror that threatened to separate me from Irene, and, as we sped down and down with increasing velocity, I tried changing speeds, from low to high in the vain hope that the engine alone would hold us back, but finally realizing that it was useless and would only strip the gears, probably doing more harm than good, I desisted. Our only chance lay in a clear road as it was impossible to pass any vehicles with any degree of safety. I remember thinking that it would all be over in another moment as we were approaching a sharp curve and the car was swinging from side to side with ever increasing danger of hurling us to eternity. In an instant we reached the turn; in an instant it would all be over—how we ever rounded it in safety, I shall never fully be able to say. As it was the good old Oakland took it like a cannon-ball, whizzing around on two wheels.

But, alas, my hair literally stood on end, my heart stopped beating, with deadly fear, for there in the center of the pike, not three hundred feet away, was Campbell's large ice cream truck which completely filled the road. To turn off on either side meant instant death; I tried to scream but the sound stuck in my parched throat, and a noise like a death rattle was the only result. Then, in that horrible moment, for the first time in the course of the horrible descent, I glanced at Irene. She understood perfectly and gave no sign of fear other than a pale face and lips moving in silent prayer. How I loved her even in that moment of deadly peril; how gladly would I have given my life for her!

In a fraction of a second Irene and I would be hurled into Eternity, like stones from a bridge. Weak with the horror of it all, I closed my eyes for a brief instant, and then, mastering my faintness with a struggle, I turned to my companion. "Irene," I cried, "Irene, I love you." And then I threw my arms about the girl. "At least we can die together!" I crushed her to my breast. Just before the awful crash I turned to her again—"My Irene, I love you" But alas, when we struck the truck, I fell out of bed to find it only a dream, an after-effect of over-eating at the picnic. Ralph Comer.





BANKING AND BUSINESS ROOM



TYPEWRITING DEPARTMENT



COMMERCIAL CLASS

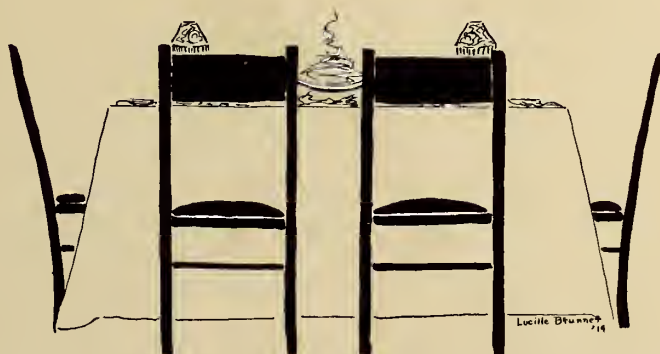
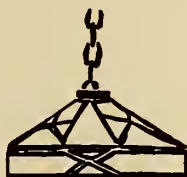


BOOKKEEPING



COOKING

AND
SERVING



Home Economics

CLASS OFFICERS

ANN LOVE, President

GLADYS NORRIS, Vice President

MARY NEESE, Secretary

HAZEL BRANSON, Treasurer

HAZEL BRANSON, Class Historian

REBA NORRIS, Class Phophet

BESSE HAYDEN, Editor

Motto—"A place for everything and everything in its place."

Class Colors—Green and White

Class Flower—Pink Tea Rose



MARY ANN LOVE

"There is no love like my first love."

HAZEL BRANSON

"Night after night I have bleared my eyes
with note books."

GLADYS MAE NORRIS

"Ye gods! How I hate a man!"

REBA FRANCES NORRIS

"Why say—is he married?"



HELEN ESTELLA DODDS
"Let me silent be."



AURILLA MAYME PILE
"The birds and the flowers love 'Pete'."



VETHA GILL
"What did you say?"



EDITH KANDEL
"I am nothing if not critical."



MILDRED FRANCES GROMAN
"I'm-goin'-to-tell-my-mama."



MARY VIOLA NEESE

"My greatest task is to get a man."

IRMA HELENA THARP

"Good, but not too good."

MARIE SCOTT

"Her modest looks become the cottage."

SARAH FLORENCE KOPMAN

"Yes, my dear."

BESSE HAYDEN

"Life without laughter would be a dreary blank."



GOLDA GLENN RIGGS

"Wait till thou dost hear me speak."

EDNA BERNICE HERRIN

"Withal, a senior, singularly shy, serious and sedate."

PRUDENCE MANGUS

"Any night but Friday night."

MARTHA BIBLER

MARTHA CHRONISTER

ADRENE McMAHAN

"That was a close shave."

ZERA ETHAL BOLLER

"The sound of my voice is like music to my soul."

INEZ LEE KEEVER

"For she is a jolly good fellow."

Home Economics



O one department in this Institution has made more noticable advancement than has the Home Economics. This year's enrollment has just doubled that of last and the work done has been highly commended.

At the beginning of the summer term 1913 we felt a need for more room and at the beginning of the fall term this need was more urgent and, at length, the beautiful, light, airy rooms on the second floor of the East wing were turned over to us for Sewing Class rooms. Also the four basement rooms, one of which has been converted into a nice new kitchen, modern throughout.

With the addition of Bertha M. Strauch and Sadie E. Ross to our department it has been greatly strengthened and we feel that we are no small factor of this Institution.

Few persons realize just how much work is covered in this course. Besides learning to prepare good, wholesome food and to sew, patch and darn, the theory of it all has been drilled incessantly. Not many of the girls will forget the course in Dietetics or how they burned the midnight oil trying to figure a luncheon for four people in order that the cost would not exceed one dollar, and the members of the faculty and other guests would get the exact proportion of fats, carbohydrates and proteins that would produce the necessary number of calories.

Home nursing, home decorations and costume design were given due consideration and I have no doubt as to the ability of the girls, who took these courses, to dress wounds and care for a patient, to design their own costumes tastefully and economically, and if necessary, furnish a home as well.

The classes in laundry and millinery, I am sure will never be forgotten. The M. N. I. laundry was a very busy place Monday and Tuesday and beautiful, stylish hats were fashioned the remaining days of the week.

Our Historian has said the class of 1914 were earnest workers and this has been proven in many ways but never better than at the time of our lawn fete which was a great success, financially and socially. Here we wish to mention the help we received from the members of the Junior Class and Professors Burton, Quear, Taylor and Life, who have always been willing and even anxious to aid us in our every undertaking.

Now as the end of the school year draws near it is with a sigh of regret that we bid farewell to the old school and our beloved Miss Robinson. Many times we will long for her sunny presence and need no doubt a "dose" of her "optimistic medicine."

Oh, Juniors! we almost envy you another year with her, but we leave with you the responsibility of bringing still more honor and fame to the M. N. I. and to Miss Robinson and Home Economics.



LAWN FETE



MILLINERY

Class History



WITH the entrance of the famous class of '14 in the year 1912 A. D., the light of a new era dawned upon the city of Muncie, for this was also the beginning of Muncie Normal Institute. The college, a very magnificent structure, awaited the coming of this class. It had looked with anxious and expectant eyes into the dim future, for perhaps there had been a prophecy whispered by the wind, the birds and the river, "the Domestic Science Class of '14—only wait."

The large spacious corridor at the entrance of the building gave us a warm welcome. Only a day has it seemed since that calm and quiet autumn day in the midst of whose magnificent splendor the class of '14 entered the now familiar walls of Muncie Normal Institute. Only a day has it seemed that we have studied and labored under the guidance of our learned professors and only a day will it seem until we bid farewell to its beloved portals.

When we met in our first class meeting as Freshmen, our ranks numbered twenty. We organized the class and elected officers, Inez Keever, President, and Besse Hayden, Secretary and Treasurer.

For various reasons our class diminished one by one until at the beginning of our Senior year only nine old members returned to finish the course. Four of our number took the position of dignified pedagogs and went forth to train and help the younger generation master the school curriculum and the use of the three H's—the hand, head and the heart. All were very successful.

Although we lost one more than half our number at the end of the first year, our ranks were filled with new members until our number now remains the same as at the beginning of the Freshman year. Many new faces greeted us when the class was called for organization in September of the present school year and we were truly glad to welcome them into the class, which would have been small had not the girls decided to take up the grandest course ever established—Domestic Science.

Officers were elected for the school year and there was no small amount of enthusiasm shown. Anne Love was chosen President; Gladys Norris, Vice President; Mary Neese, Secretary, and Hazel Branson, Treasurer.

This class has many interesting characteristics. It has always been known as the class that did things; it not only planned but executed its plans which were always successful in the end. Whatever was undertaken was entered into with spirit and enthusiasm. Each member was always willing to do the part assigned her.

The writer overheard a conversation between one of our professors and our beloved Miss Robinson, concerning this class. He said, in substance: "I certainly enjoy teaching the members of the Domestic Science Class because they are so wide awake and just bubbling over with thoughts and ideas."

There is no "shirker" in this illustrious class, which is remarkable for a

class of its size. This class is also noted for its unselfishness, cheerfulness and a willingness to help others.

It would take too much time to try to tell about the many social events in which the present Senior Class has been participants. As you know one of the chief duties that we are drilled in is the willingness to serve and make others happy.

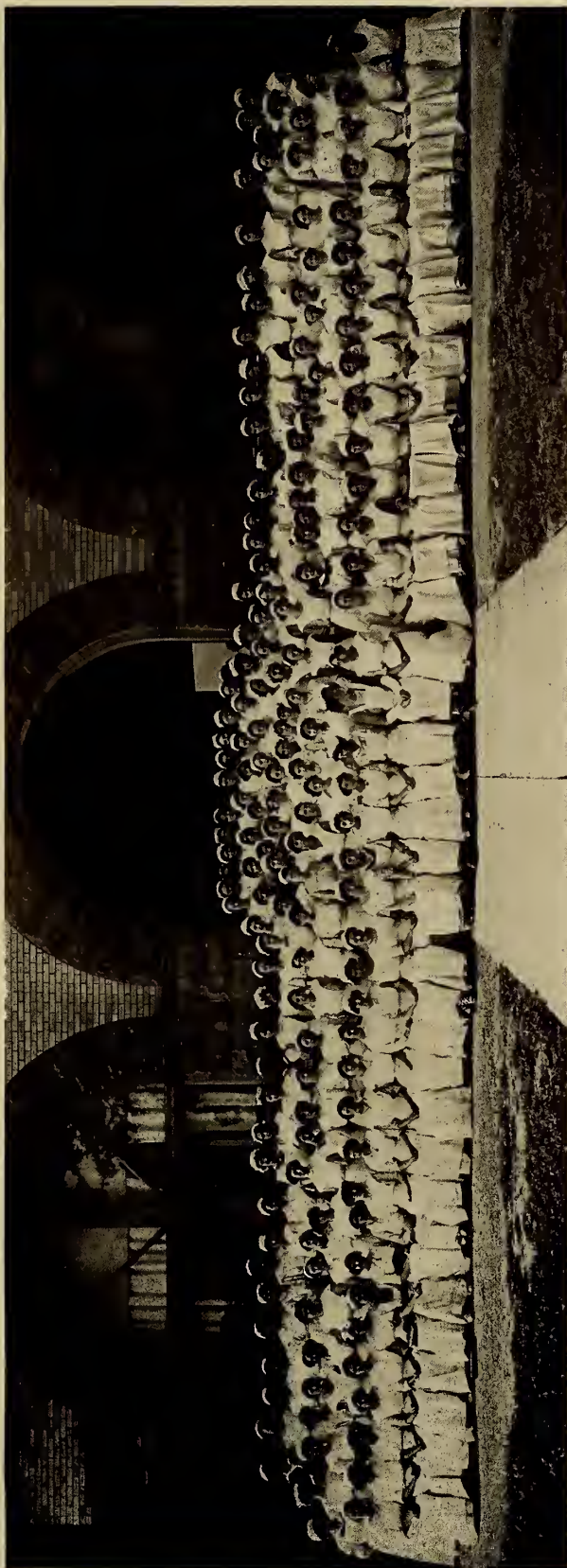
The successful banquets, luncheons, "wienie" roasts, picnics and many other incidents, and accidents, are all records of history and for many years to come, will the facts of the class of '14 be told to the admiring Freshmen of the Domestic Science Department.

It would be useless to try to relate the many honors which have fallen and will fall to the lot of the members of the Senior class, especially the latter. Even now many of the high positions in church, state and school are waiting to be filled by some of the members of the class of '14. There is still a higher call, that of being mistress of a home, as already one of our number has wisely decided. "The home is the seminary to all other institutions and only the home can found a state."

As we, the first Domestic Science class of 1914, step from the shadows of Muncie Normal Institute, to take our places in the world, we will always cherish fond and loving memories of M. N. I. and the happy associations made while there.

Hazel Branson, Historian.





DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS

Class Will

AURILLA MAYME PILE, 1914



IN the name of God, Amen! We the undersigned of the 1914 Domestic Science Class of the Muncie Normal Institute, Muncie, Indiana, being in perfect health of body and sound and disposing mind, memory and understanding, considering the certainty of Death and uncertainty of Time thereof and being desirous to settle our worldly affairs and thereby be better prepared to leave the school when it shall please the faculty to graduate us, do we make and publish this, our last will and testament, in manner and form following, viz:

ITEM I. I, Ann Love, being of sound intellect will my inability to control, in a parliamentary procedure a room full of the scientific home-makers of tomorrow to Nelle Porter for use in the Junior class meetings.

ITEM II. I, Hazel Branson, of a Farm-land region, will the marvelously large handbag needed to care for the superfluous change of our class to the Treasurer of the Junior Class.

ITEM III. I, Besse Hayden, solemnly affirming that I have no bats in my belfry, do bequeath my habitual solemn demeanor to Ruth Paris.

ITEM IV. I, Reba Norris, a resident of the only "wet" district in Muncie, known as Riverside, will my laundry book, which is guaranteed not to be spoiled, to the Junior girl who appears to this laundry information.

ITEM V. I, Inez Keever, now Domestic Science teacher in the Normal, after "swiping" enough credits to get through this penitentiary, will to the Junior inmates and fellow members of the faculty, a portion of my good disposition.

ITEM VI. I, Glenn Riggs, request that my knowledge of laundry work be placed in a peanut shell, the remaining vacancy filled with sawdust, and the whole presented to the School Board.

ITEM VII. I, Mildred Groman, a gem of Muncie society, bequeath my artistic ability, especially that exhibited by my various arrangements of hair, to Irene Fehl.

ITEM VIII. I, Edith Kandel, spinster, bequeath my extra paper of needles to Miss Stranch to be distributed evenly and at specified intervals to the Juniors.

ITEM IX. I, Bernice Herrin, a native of Kendallville, bequeath my interest in any male to anyone who may be interested.

ITEM X. I, Adrienne McMahan, will my ability in music composition to the musician who can rival Mendelssohn or Bach.

ITEM XI. I, Vetha Gill, wasted and worn by travel to and from M. N. I., will my ambition to become a first-class home-maker to Fae Frazee.

ITEM XII. I, Gladys Norris, will all that I have, except One in whom I have special interest, to some bee-oo-ti-ful maiden.

ITEM XIII. I, Marie Scott, known as "Scottie" do request that a printed record of my attendance at class meetings be posted on the bulletin board.

ITEM XIV. I, Zera Boller, A. B. C. D., etc., will all my unnatural beauties to the Junior girl who needs them to "set off" her hand-made hat.

ITEM XV. I, Irma Tharpe, an Earlham quitate, bequeath my bandages

and antiseptics and home nursing rules with cap thrown in to the Junior girl who is most desirous to be Aid No. 1 to the injured in the fall football games.

ITEM XVI. I, Sarah Kopman, will my essay on "Meat" to the Kuhner Packing Company for their valuable information.

ITEM XVII. I, Mary Neese, willingly will my "niece" to that one of the opposite sex who is gallant enough to relieve her.

ITEM XIX. I, Helen Dodds, will my darning materials, namely, one-fourth spool D. M. C. darning cotton, one battered brass thimble and one entire darning needle, to Helen Ghant.

ITEM XX. I, Aurilla Mayme Pile, first violinist in the orchestra, bequeath my seat in the aforementioned organization to Miss Robinson that she may always be sure of a chair when she is late to chapel.

Last, but not least, we the undersigned, bequeath our interest in the North Room to the Junior gang who feel capable of rivaling the former bunch of rough-necks who occupied the room and were noted for evading the well-meant remarks on schoolroom etiquette given by our beloved little teacher, Miss Robinson.

Respectfully,

NORTH ROOM GANG.

We request that Prof. Burton be and is hereby appointed our executor.

Witness our hands and seal this 15th day of June, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and fourteen.

Ann Love
Hazel Branson
Besse Hayden
Reba Norris
Inez Keever
Glenn Riggs
Sarah Kopman
Mildred Groman
Edith Kandel
Bernice Herrin
Adrienne McMahan
Vetha Gill
Gladys Norris
Mary Neese
Marie Scott
Zera Boller
Irma Tharpe
Prudence Mangus
Helen Dodds
Aurilla Mayme Pile

We, the undersigned, being called in by the above named persons, did witness that tse above signed the above instrument in writing in the presence of each of us and did declare said instrument in writing to be their last will and testament. We, the undersigned, here subscribe our names as witnesses in the presence of the above and in the presence of each other.

Issie Human
Ima Hoganskiker.
I. B. Buzzy
A. Mayme Pile

The Junior Class

Miss Burton—Good things come in small packages.

Nelle Porter—Haste is to be abhorred.

Helen Gant—Naturally a shark so she spends little time in study.

Maple Byers—A scientific girl whose note books are famous for their high standards of excellence.

Ruth Paris—Small yet mighty when mischief is afloat.

Frances Shera—It is said that she never took anything but that she once hooked a screen door.

Cornelia Milholin—Did you say a grouch? No it's just her way.

Eva Pyle—Life is too short for me to take notes.

Helen Carroll—Maybe she isn't a flirt, but that smile.

Irene Fehl—Miss Stranch—Miss Fehl, I missed you pretty badly yesterday, but I was able to stand it since I got to see you. I happened to go to the window and saw you on the campus.

Emily Carmichael—No thought of the trials of today.

Tomorrow they vanish away.

Mrs. Bengé—She never fails to ask a question.

Fae Frazee—Her cardinal virtue is her hair.

Ruth Orr—Her warbling voice—a lyre of widest range.

Hallie Sumalt—No wedding bells for me.

Pansy Norton—Those who are stiff in their opinions are seldom in the right.

Mary Campbell—As conscientious as a girl can be.

Blanche Fenimore—Patience is the art of hoping.

Sadie Witsman—Always in for a good time and never lets her studies interfere with obtaining it.

Virginia Sauer—A faithful friend of fickle fancy.

Zaddie Douthell—None but herself can match herself.

Ella Souhan—Wise from the top of her head up.

Ina Bach—The art of buggy riding is not to let the lines get under the horse's feet.

Miss Bibler—The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.

Geneva Janney—Little said—much accomplished.

Flo Miller—I am here at school just for fun.

Vivienne Fowler—Set not your pace so fast for haste makes waste.



JUNIOR DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS



DOMESTIC SCIENCE WORK IN CHAPEL



Do You Remember

What you thought of M. N. I. the first day you arrived.

Your first morning in chapel.

The first man you met.

Your first trip to Prof. Boucher's office for excuse. Good?

"Miss Gill, do not fail to bring me your tardy excuse in the morning."—

Miss Sinclair.

The mock chapel stunt that was never pulled off.

How often Miss Robinson had to stop in the middle of an interesting lecture and keep the whole class waiting because of Edith, Bernice and Prudence talking about—you know.

Glenn Riggs' ambition. Well, yes, Adriene McMahan had one too.

The two fire-eaters.

The trip to Kuhner's Packing House and the trolly ride all planned by Prof. Quear.

How Prof. James hates an olive.

Sarah's correspondence.

Alright, my dear.

Glady's first big hit.

How the birds and the flowers and the trees love "Pete."

Phil.

Cutey—ask Reba or Inez.

The P+ Bernice got in millinery.

Mary's friend who is ever faithful—in sunshine or in rain.

What Blanche Langdon knows of pasteurized milk.

The first vote you ever cast.

"Check." Ask Eva Pyle.

How kindly we were assisted in the preparation of our lawn fete by Prof. Scudder.

The north room and the little bunch all its own.

What Would Happen If --

Mary should meet a farmer.
Gladys should flirt with a dark-eyed stranger.
Anne should break her wooden leg.
Reba had a failing for coat lapels.
Glenn's ambition should be realized.
Helen should get excited.
Marie should have an experience to relate.
Hazel should run away with the class funds.
Inez should act like a rowdy.
Irma should glance at a man. Horrors!
Sarah should get a letter.
"Gillie" should get to Art class on time.
"Pete" should find a friend.
Bernice should answer "plus" in class.
Edith should spend an hour in study.
Prudence should miss the Union City car on Friday evening.
Besse should laugh.
Zera should look dignified.
Mildred should come to class with a fully equipped sewing basket.
Adriene should hurry.
Someone should use Miss Bobbie's desk set.
Miss Ross had a visitor.
Miss Bobbie should go walking some moonlight evening with _____.
Gola Clevenger should look in the direction of either the cooking or sewing room.
Prof. Burton should cease to advance his practical ideas for the betterment of the Domestic Science Department.
Miss Stanch should cease to smile.



THE SEWING CLASS



Pastry Demonstration

Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Faculty, Fellow Students, Visitors and to all Whom It May Concern:

As you all know that pastry, the most indigestible of all foods, is also the most difficult of all arts to make. But today I propose to show you how it may be scientifically, sanitarily and wholesomely made.

The recipe for this stiffly worked dough reads as follows:

1½ cups flour.

1/3 to ½ cup lengthening.

½ tsp. NaCl.

and enough cold H₂O to make a stiff dough.

Working Directions: First sift Muncie Normal Special Pastry Flour to eliminate bacteria, germs baccillus, strepta coccus and hydrophobia. Then pile in the strained purified and pasteurized butter. With two sharp cutting spatulas, previously sterilized in ice cold lemonade and held vertically in each rubberized hand, cut and re-cut with continuous movements until the mixture has been blended and reduced to minute balls, about the size of minute tapioca. Add slowly the aqua pura to make these small balls cling resolutely together.

When the consistency has become so that you have a medium hard ball of dough, lay it in the geometrical center of a floured, oblong, quarter-sawed pine bread board and with a rolling pin roll with jerky movements to and fro. Cover with triangular specks of cow grease, fold, roll, double, roll, fold as a pocketbook rolls and roll to produce flakes similar to those found in post toasties. Shape into a solid exactly 6 inches in diameter, ¼ inch thick with a circumference, the diameter times pi.

Lift carefully onto the up-turned bottom of a pie tin, and slip with quiet, superstitious movements into an already heated oven, the temperature of which should be hot enough to make red pepper sizzle. Every two minutes don green goggles and peer into the oven, and when baked, behold a crust with a tango shade.

Pour in the chocolate mixture and spread over the white foam obtained by beating the albuminous section of a fresh Wyandotte protein, and then put it into the oven to neutralize the tango shade.

Due to the dark brown taste which chocolate pie usually leaves it should be eaten only between the dark and gruesome hours of 12 and 2 a. m. Never partake while the moon is shining. Only those of strong, healthful, robust, moral character should indulge. Men and babies should never be allowed to partake.

Chocolate pie is especially desirable for pale, languid, anaemic and delicate young ladies of M. N. I. who never have the opportunity of eating chocolate at any other time.

It would give me the greatest pleasure to let each and every one in the audience have a sample of this delectable dish but as I notice a number of the masculine and childish propinquity in the auditorium my conscience tells me that I must refrain and it is with the deepest regret that I do so, for the sake of their future welfare. I thank you.

Glenn Riggs.

How to Cook a Husband



GREAT many husbands are spoiled by mis-management. Some women go about as if their husbands were bladders and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, others freeze them by indifference; some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words. Others roast them, some keep them in a pickle all their lives. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good, managed in this way, but they are really delightful when properly treated.

In selecting a husband, you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel—nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure to select for yourself as tastes differ. Do not go to market for him—the best is always brought to your door.

It is far better to have none unless you'll patiently learn to cook (for) one. As to cooking, a preserving kettle is best. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings, nicely sewed on—if this is neglected he is liable to fly out of the kettle and become burned and crusty on the edges.

Since, like crabs and lobsters, he must be cooked alive, it is well to tie him in the kettle by a strong cord called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. Make a steady fire out of love, cheerfulness and neatness.

Keep him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes do not be anxious, some husbands do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the shape of what confectioners call kisses, but no pepper or vinegar on any account. A little spice, if used with judgment, will improve him.

Never add tongue sauce, it will sour him; do not stick any sharp instruments into him to see if he is becoming tender.

Stir him gently, lest he lie too close to the kettle and become useless. You cannot fail of knowing when he is done.

If thus treated you will find him digestible, agreeing nicely with you.

He will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless and set him in too cool a place.

(Prof. Pearce swears that every word of this is true. He knows by actual experience.)





INDUSTRIAL



DEP'T.

A Few Chips and Shavings Swept Up in the Industrial Department



HIS is an age of high speed. If you want to keep up in the race, you mustn't get your thinking tank so full of Greek that there's no room left for gasoline.

A man who does not regard his hands worthy of scientific training ought to be compelled to give them over to some unfortunate fellow who has lost his—the latter would know how to appreciate them.

Some mechanics use skill in making joints—others use putty.

A young man can be just as much of a gentleman standing in front of a forge with grimy hands and face as he can sitting behind a mahogany desk with a pencil over his ear.

Any piece of work should be carefully laid out before it is executed. This is just the reverse of the ordinary processes of capital punishment.

The substantial progress of a democratic government depends upon the great class of people who are just as willing to sweat as to perspire.

He that commits rules from a grammar is selfishly hording information (fortunately most of it is soon forgotten); he that teaches a boy to make a chair or raise a stalk of corn has taught him to render a real service to humanity.

Any mechanic can show a boy how to make a sled, but it takes a real teacher to build the character of the boy at the same time that the sled is being built.

A course in Home Economics which merely makes better cooks of our girls is in a sore need of revision; a course which makes better girls of our cooks is a success.

As long as the commodities of life are delivered C. O. D. the schools need not apologize for being mercenary when they are teaching children how to earn a living at some useful occupation.

The geometry class is a good place to gather "definitions,"—they are usually stored in the head; the manual training shop is an excellent place to acquire "meanings"—they extend all the way from the finger tips to the gray matter. Lucky is he who has both definition and meaning.

If a mistake is made in a class room the teacher tells the boy (sometimes the boy believes it); if a mistake is made in the shop the boy tells the teacher.

To call intellectual junk "mental discipline" may sound a little more pleasing, but does not cause it to occupy any fewer cells in one's thought dome.

There are a great many propositions in this world without a proper working edge; the training of a few generations in the manual training shop will do much to correct this condition.

Many a sewing class is able to cut a hole in a new piece of goods and set back the scrap so skillfully that it cannot be detected; but the real test comes in making a dress, bought summer before last, look like brand new.

The reason so many people never put a satisfactory finish on anything which they undertake is because they can't stand the rub.

God Almighty equipped man with one brain and two hands. If it had been his intention that some men should develop their brain at the expense of their hands, he would probably have given them more of the former and fewer of the latter.

M. G. Burton.

A Piece of Wood



AM only a piece of wood. After I leave your hands, you may never see me again. People looking at me, however, will see you, and, so far as they are concerned, I'll be you. Put into me your best, so that I may speak to all who see me and tell them of the Master Workman who wrought me. Say to them through me, "I know what good work is." If I am well done, I will get into good company and keep up the standard. If I am shabby and poorly made, I will get into bad company. Then show through me your joy in what you do, so that I may go the way of all good work, announcing wherever I go that I stand for a workman that "needeth not to be ashamed."

—William Chandler Smith.



A CLASS IN SHOP WORK

Why Industrial Education



THE American interpretation of the purpose of education is to prepare for living. The dominant thing in America is life; life in all of its meanings. We sometimes think of our country as possessing unlimited resources. In a measure this conception is right, yet there is certainly a limit to the resources of any country. The economist teaches that at the present time, a time of commercial and industrial progress, every resource must be utilized to the extreme. Every mine, every quarry, every field and orchard, and every manufacturing industry must develop the maximum of its output in quality and quantity. Competition is sharper than it has ever been before. The world buys in the best market. This necessitates the highest efficiency in workmen, who are to be instrumental in the development of the industries which are successfully competing in the world's markets. By far the greatest per cent of men are engaged in the production of material utilities.

This means that there is a distinct class of people, aggregating ninety per cent of the population of our country, who must be trained to become the most highly efficient workmen in the world.

Repeating the American interpretation of the purpose of education (education is preparation for living) brings to us a problem that is fundamentally important, not only among factory owners and promoters of industries in general but to the educators of our country's future workmen.

The problem before us is,—what can be done for the ninety per cent of our boys? We are trying to make our answer tangible; in fact we hope and think we have a solution formulated that, when put into our schools, stands ready to lift the boy onto the plane of efficient workmanship.

Educators have, since the beginning of the history of education, been devising and redevising, throwing away and thinking out new theories, but never have they been able to get around the fact, work. Work is here, has always been and will continue to be so long as material things are the principal utilities of human life. Every man must eat, drink, have shelter and warmth. To get these things he will have to enter the fields of industry well equipped to do the work that awaits him.

It is not the aim to thoroughly equip but to give a boy a right beginning so that he can quickly and profitably step into his place in the economic world.

Manual training does not aim to make carpenters, or blacksmiths of all boys, but it has as its aim two things: first, to help the boy to find himself and his place in the industrial sphere; second, to give him an opportunity to work out into tangible form the concepts of mathematics and language. Manual training, as the name implies, is a training of the hands to work with the mind. It simply rounds out and makes more perfect mental development. We cannot always locate the mind in the brain but we may think of it as being in every part of our bodies which are capable of being trained for action; thus the musician's mind is out in her very finger tips. She thinks out at the ends of her fingers. The mechanic's mind is nearest to his work. With this in mind we can readily see that manual training is supplementary to the studies pursued in our schools.

There is probably no line of work to which manual training and its kindred subject, mechanical drawing, does not add in that it prepares workmen, better prepared for the work they have to do. This may be illustrated by the following observation made by Mr. John L. Mathews.

A stalwart young German-American butcher, noted for his skill of cutting meat and for the pride he had for the appearance of his meat, was putting up a roast. He vouchsafed the information that he was going to night school at the university.

"What course?" I inquired idly, watching him deftly trim, roll, and decorate two ribs of beef.

"Mechanical drawing," he replied.

"Do you like that better than butchering? You are making a mighty good job of that roast."

"Butchering is a gift with me, just like art," he astonished me by replying, and added, seriously: "They are something alike; one helps the other. I've been working at this trade since I was a kid, but I can cut meat a lot better since I began to draw. If I lived in the old country, you know, I would have been trained to draw so I could be a better butcher. Every boy going into any trade gets that sort of training."

Whereat I marveled greatly. I marveled even more as time went on and my butcher remained a butcher and did not become an advertising artist. He had the whole sense of the new ideal in education: to train for a trade as though it were a profession, and to use in that trade all the correlated aid of art and science he could obtain. Drawing helped him to cut in the same fashion that it helps a sculptor to model; the principles perceived in the flat presentation showed him truth in the full mass which was his medium.

We are not the first to take up this idea of industrial education. In this as in many things, we are following the Germans. In Germany for those boys, who cannot afford the advantages of the secondary schools, there are provided industrial schools in which the various trades and crafts are taught. The effect is already seen for in no other country in the world is there so wide a diffusion of knowledge and skill among workmen as is found among the common people of Germany.

We cannot ignore the response of the educators of this country to the demand for manual training and a knowledge of the mechanical arts. Nearly every normal school in the country is being equipped to train teachers to teach manual or hand work. The state has recognized its value and teachers from far and near are fitting themselves for the larger duties that have been opened up to them. School boards are sending their best men and women in for this training. They have come in from every direction. They are the experienced school men and women whose desire for usefulness has proved an impelling motive to again get back in school and imbibe some of the spirit of educational progress.

William O. Fox.



MANUAL TRAINING



CLASS IN BENCH WORK



CLASS IN CONCRETE



MANUAL TRAINING



CORNER OF LATHE ROOM



Class Organization

VAUGHN DRAGOO, President

MARIE HOLDREN, Secretary

GRACE PECK, Vice President


MARY GASSELL, Treasurer


Motto—"Tomorrow we sail the boundless sea"


Colors—Pink and Lavender

Flower—A Tea Rose

Editorial

NE of the most profitable and to the majority of us, the most pleasant moments that we spend, is that unusual moment of reflection that steals upon us almost unaware, bringing with it an accompanying train of former experiences, our trials, pleasures, and ideals, which measured and weighed along with those of the present, furnish us data by which we are able to determine whether or not our progress has been what it should be.

N general we pass the incidents of our experiences with very little thought of retaining in our memories the details of those experiences; but usually such details as are to be of any particular benefit to us will, without any great effort upon our part, linger with us. But while this is true, yet the real pictures of our yesterdays are often very indefinite and vague and excepting in the interpretation of those things which stand out most prominently in affecting our lives, are weak in color and portray to us but a poor expression of the real life that each day should have had.

O, as we pass the milestone in the slow and steady progress of our educational career, it is this fact that awakens in us a desire to chip from the stone a corner that may be carried as a souvenir of ideals held at that particular time. This token of remembrance we shall hoard with fond remembrance of the past, or cherish it as an incentive to higher and more noble activities in life, trusting that the broad opportunities of the future may resign themselves to our disposal. We concede that the type of the individual largely determines the kind of a souvenir he may choose to claim, and that the most lasting and most valuable remembrance any of us can carry with us from school is the lesson we learn in the art of living according to the code of laws governing man's duty to man, and to his Creator; but as the traveler along life's narrow and rugged pathway advances he looses the distinct outlines and the finer touches of nature belonging to the immediate margin of the path in his greater and broader conception of the whole journey, or vainly he attempts to recall the image of a little flower which once appealed to him as being a perfect production of divine handiwork, but this particular image is now over-shadowed and blended in the more effective grandeur of the entire journey, so likewise we are prone to permit the details of school life, and the faces of our associates, class mates, and instructors to blend so completely into one great conception of the Muncie Normal Institute that they can no longer be vividly pictured.

SO, with the desire to bring together as many as possible of these things which each student and teacher would wish to remember, we occupy the following pages with relics, "odds and ends," and many things that bear direct association to our experiences. To the members of the Senior Class these pages which have been dedicated especially to them will probably mean most, not from any selfish point of view, but because of the real expression of our class life that is here portrayed. We have many happy experiences and pleasant associates to recall and we feel that the more the details of those experiences that we can lay hold upon, the fuller and richer our lives will be.

WE wish also to express to the faculty and especially to the high school principal, our deep regards and appreciation of their efforts to make our school life all that it should mean to us. In many respects we feel indebted to them for our ideals and our plans for the future. We feel that we have this far accomplished little, but with a broader view of life and a deeper appreciation of the greatness of the work to be done, we hope to make our lives better, and to exert the proper influences upon those with whom we may come in contact.

Henry B. Morrow, Associate Editor.

Class Poem

Some other work is now for us,
Some other task to do,
We'll gather all our courage then
And struggle this world through.

Many times we'll stumble and say,
" 'Tis hard to master this,"
But all life's burdens must be met,
For life is not all bliss.

As Seniors then we'll do our best,
To do our duties well,
And all start out with bigger thoughts
And make our efforts tell.

Good training we have all received,
In dear old Normal High,
We owe much credit to the Profs.
Who over us did sigh.

We're sorry to have bothered so,
But we shall pay you back,
By proving that we can climb heights,
Attaining things we lack.

No matter if miles are between,
The good old school and us,
The two years spent here helps us to say
Longfellow's words quoted thus:

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate
Still achieving, still pursuing—
Learn to labor and to wait."
—Marcella Gorton.

Class History

SEPTEMBER of 1912 marked the beginning of a class whose life though short was fraught with many enjoyable features of a high school life. We have not traveled the "flowery paths" together from kindergarten up; no, we have come from even beyond the borders of our great commonwealth to enjoy the pleasures that new acquaintances afford. And while we are found wanting in the traditions and joys that come through the associations of our earlier school life, yet in the spirit of friendship and enthusiasm that will enable us in later years to look back with pride on the grand old class of 1914.

The school term of '12-'13 was one of few pleasures and much work. Most of our time being spent in settling down to the new routine of work and in making ourselves acquainted. We had no organization and so had no meetings of importance. We separated in June to meet again in September. A few, however, stayed for the summer term. September again we gathered in the now familiar halls to greet old acquaintances and make new ones. Realizing the hard tasks before us and the importance of organization, a meeting of all the Seniors was called and officers were elected. Much tact and good judgment as well as great pleasure was manifested in the election of Vaughn Dragoo as President, Grace Peck, Vice President, Marie Holdren, Secretary and Mary Gessell as Treasurer. Also the choosing of the Tea Rose as class flower and lavender and pink for the class colors. Later a second meeting was held and other members of the class were honored with the following offices: Prophetess, Elizabeth Morrow; Poet, Marcella Gorton; Historian, Lewis Reed; Sergeant-at-Arms, Quinn Berry; Class Will, Garland Knott; Class Orator, Vaughn Dragoo. We decided on "Tomorrow we sail the boundless sea," as the class motto.

The first series of good times enjoyed was the picnic supper at the college. In November plans were made for a dance but at the last minute were called off. The girls conducted a candy sale in the lower hall in December. Much credit is due them for their culinary ability. A Get-Together party was held at the home of Quinn Berry. A fine time was enjoyed by all. In March a "Cafe Taria" luncheon was given at the college. This was one of the big affairs and all strove to make it a success. On May 8, a hay wagon ride was planned, but instead an indoor picnic was held. Seniors were in evidence and greatly enjoyed themselves, and so we come to the last Senior affair when we met at McCulloch Park as a compliment to those Seniors who were leaving until graduation. The remaining Seniors enjoyed a picnic at Riverside park on July 18.

The year closes with Baccalaureate services, Class Day and last, but not least, Commencement. Let us hope that our future, like our past, may be one continual round of pleasant duties, and that graduation may mean to each of us but the first step on the road to success.

Lewis Reed, Historian.



HAZEL ROGERS

QUINN BERRY

CASTLE FARISH

CARROL NORRIS

ED LYONS



MARY ADAMS

GARLAND KNOTT

WILLIAM RISK

INA NEWMAN

VAUGHN DRAGOO



HENRY MORROW

GRACE PECK

NAOMI BOOTH

MARIE HOLDREN



SUSIE PHILIPS

ELIZ MORROW

DENZEL STEWART

CECIL BOSWORTH

LUCILE BRUNNER



ESTA HARRIS

NORA GEETING

MARY GESSEL

BLANCHE MODLIN

LEWIS REED

Some of the "Its" in Senior Life

If you should see an M. N. I. boy smoke a cigarette?
If you heard M. N. I. yell?
If you saw Mr. McMullan without thinking of "Literary Analysis and Pedagogy?"
If Prof. Boucher would not ask for note books?
If Bob King should answer "plus" in English?
If Miss Drummond should fail to be pleasant?
If Marie Holdren did not giggle?
If Miss Hutzel did not quote a line or so of Deutsch when she meets you?
If we should feel warm in chapel?
If Elmer Darnell did not talk baby talk?
If Joe Cline should have his lessons?
If we did not receive advice in chapel?
If Mrs. Boucher should expect you to be "plus" on Monday?
If we did not have to write themes?
If Garland Knott would crack a new joke?
If Fred Baker would not know all the new girls?
If Gola Clevenger would look pleasant sometimes?
If Jess Worley were hump-backed?
If the new soda fountain had not been installed?
If school had been dismissed for Wallace and Hagenbeck's parade?
If William Stienhulber should slide down the banisters?
If there should be more than two boys at a Senior picnic?
If our note books should write themselves up and hand themselves in on time?
If Miss Sinclair should say, your picture is a masterpiece?
If Mrs. Boucher had a squeaky voice?
If the School Board should say, "Yes, my dears, take all the holidays you like and let us entreat, oh, let us entreat you not to remain at school after two o'clock?"
—M. G. P. '14.

Something of the Senior Class Spirit

Our class is fortunate in having a capable and efficient staff of editors to make this department a success. They devote much time to it,—they are willing to devote much more,—in short,—

They'll toil for it, they'll moil for it, they'll tear up sky and soil for it;
They'll plead for it, they'll read for it, they'll all but go to seed for it;
They'll fight for it, they'll write for it, they'll sit up half the night for it;
They'll think for it, they'll drink for it, they'll put them on the blink for it;
They'll prate for it, they'll bate for it, they'll win folks cordial hate for it;
They'll thieve for it, they'll deceive for it, they'll cause their friends to leave for it;
Take blame for it, risk shame for it, and hazard name and fame for it;
They'll ache for it, they'll fake for it, they'll suffer at the stake for it;
They'll sigh for it, they'll lie for it, and cheerfully they'll die for it.

—Contributed by a Senior.

Prophecy of the 1914 Class



AS I sat in front of my fireside, thinking about the past, suddenly the dear old college building seemed to arise in the flames. Oh, such memories it brought about our old class of nineteen hundred and fourteen! As I sat in this pensive mood the faces of my fellow students seemed to come before my eyes slowly and vividly, and I could distinctly see what they were doing after so many years.

First, the face of our President, Vaughn Dragoo, as busy a man as ever, because his executive ability at last had made him manager of a happy home. From the picture I see in the flames he is as fond of Hazel-nuts as ever.

Who's this? Why, Grace Cameron nee Peck, way off in Oklahoma camping under a cactus tree until their new bungalo be finished. Happy women whom the fates treat so.

Now the busy city of Chicago comes to view and there my old friend, and Treasurer, Mary Gessell is still making out checks, as she checks out suit cases, and baby cabs for the great Union Station of that city. I thought I might see Garland here as he always had loved a metropolis, but he was Knott to be seen.

Slowly the spires of Hartford City arose out of the flames, and looking intently, Howard Foreman and Denzel Steward appear. They are dressed as policemen and seem occupied in their duties. Oh, yes! a suffrage demonstration! Myrl Finley and Blanche Modlin, two extremely dangerous militants are causing a disturbance. After a lively skirmish two doctors, Worley and Smeltzer, are called to attend to the wounds of the policemen who had been severely injured in a fall in which the ladies came out first.

The scene is shifting. Oh, yes, another happy home appears and there my old friend, Pearl Squire was Depree-cating the fact that she was holding an afternoon tea, Rausa Trabeau, as one of her guests, as usual is wondering what she will wear to Miss Susie Philips next "At Home." Oh, the eternal feminine!

The fire seems to change and a real country scene appears. Sitting on his milk stool is Burton Dunn, waiting patiently for the owner of the place, Ina Newman, to finish gathering Berries.

From this simple scene, now to gay Paris, the wonderful city for arts. In her studio is Madame Brunner working on the portrait of the Honorable Elliot Morris, now the President of that republic. Sadder now is the picture—the slum districts of Yorktown appear, but I see my well known friends, Lulu Jones, Alice Crabb and Lela Knox, carrying out their charitable work under the supervision of the Reverend Clifton Hall, and his able assistant, Hazel Rodgers.

Now the view carries me to Washington, D. C., and imagine my surprise to see Henry Morrow as Speaker of the House! and Cecil Bosworth as the Private Secretary!

Somehow the appearance of Cecil brought our dear old building into mind more clearly. I seem to see the old office and the same green carpet upon which I had stood so many times before Professor Boucher to get an excuse for sickness(?) Now that old chair is occupied by Professor Clarence

Housefield. The door of the office opened and in came Esta Harris as Professor Housefield's Private Secretary.

Suddenly I seem in the old Domestic Science class and there was Mary Adams with her cap, and as I expected—hunting for pins. Oh, yes, she is teacher and must of course wear her cap. I was not much surprised when I saw, seated under a tree, Margaret Garrett and her old friend Ed. As the old tennis court arose out of the flames, it seemed natural to see, after all these years, Fred Baker defending the cup against the noted champion, William Risk.

Now a traveling salesman which I soon saw to be Bernard Barcelow appeared, still selling brushes. It seems he is at the door of Naomi Booth, now mistress—Oh! what's her name—but Naomi is wiser than she was in her school days, and will not buy from a traveling salesman. Bernard you had better change your occupation.

I see Ruth True and Gladys Brandon working as missionaries among the heathen. After years of hard work they seem to have succeeded in converting Elmer Darnell, a noted marshmallow fiend.

Before a large audience a curtain seems to rise and there comes to the front Marcella Gorton, who now is a wonderful prima donna. She is always accompanied at the piano by the well known Chauncey Medsker.

An exciting picture now presents itself, in a Saxon car I see Carrol Norris is struggling hard to overtake Ralph Weaver in his six cylinder Ford! I rather expected my friend Elizabeth Morrow to be racing with Carrol or Ralph, but when I saw her jogging along on a "pony" I was not surprised as she never cared to hurry or make life strenuous in hot weather.

My tired gaze is at last quieted when I see what perfect harmony and bliss is the home of Lewis Reed as he pours over an old history. Now the scenes like the fire are fading, as,

My work is completed
And closed like the day,
And the hand that has written it,
Lays it away.

Marie Holdren.



A Love Story



WE don't profess to know much about love and the many little words and actions that make up that blissful state of being, but when it comes to the real artical—tearing down the honeymoon trail like a fireman down the greased pole at the station house—we hand the laurel crown to a certain couple of young masculines hailing from the active little burg to our south.

Writers have for centuries exhausted their resources and lunch tickets thinking up new scenes for the enamored youth, but who has ever won a lady by the simple toss of a coin on the college steps? The answer's easy. THEY did.

Shortly after landing in the Magic City these two knights, who for want of better names we will call Jerry Straw and Hick Alfalfa, decided that the girls of Muncie and especially those enrolled at the Muncie Normal Institute, were "some girls." Immediately Hick proposed a date with a couple of damsels they had seen standing near the steps under the luring light of a full June moon.

Anyone who knows the Normal girl likewise knows how she falls for the student from out of town, even if his trousers are creased at the side and his hat is two sizes too large for him. Appearances are nothing. It's romantic, so romantic to tell the girls the next day that she was entertaining a guest from out of town. There's not the slightest danger that anyone knows him and she can tell of his many virtues without the haunting fear that his picture is posted on the buffet of some sister in desception.

They got their date, at least the girls said so the next evening. Jerry was the model of propriety. His hair was combed, his collar was unsoiled and he wore his clothes and his manner just like the advertisements in the Evening Press. But Hick, straight from the farm, could find no water, therefore his countenance wore the remnants of last year's harvest. The barber was drunk, and the wind whistled through the shrubbery on Hick's map like the breakers on the coast of Desert Island. The way was long and dusty and his shoes bore evidence of more than one difficulty conquered.

They arrived at a certain little house standing on a brick street just north of the river and with thumping hearts pounded on the window sill—witnesses say that they were afraid the door might blow open before anyone knew of their presence—and holding hands for the sake of mutual encouragement, entered to the tune of "I'm on My Way."

The girls, kind-hearted and longing for romance, were willing to overlook the seediness of Hick's attire. "Full many a kind heart is beating today 'neath the old ragged coat of a tramp," they decided, and set in to show the boys the time of their lives. After exhausting all subjects pertaining to the weather and the prospects for the summer's crops, the boys from the farm seemed to forget the use of their tongues. In desperation the ladies turned to the piano.

Jerry and Hick were both singers of renown in the village choir and now they seemed destined to shine, but alas, the modern girl, when in doubt, turns to the popular opera selections, and these were entirely out of our

heroes' ken. "I'll swan," broke in Hick, "why don't you play something we all know?"

"The Perfect Day," "Just a'Wearyin' for You" and "The Rosary" were turned down cold, but "'Neath the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" and "There's a Girl in the Heart of Maryland" were voted some songs. At 9:30 o'clock that night the rustic heroes decided, "Well I swan, I must be getting on. Pa says it's not nice to stay too long when makin' a formal call," and gripping their hats with both hands they made for the door.

"Some fellows," voted the girls next day to a group of contemporaries. Our heroes disappeared from the limelight for several days after. Memories were dear to their minds and the fear that it was not proper to make more than one call a month held them back from rash action.

Now, kind student, don't get the idea that Jerry and Hick were slow. They had other adventures. Often in the evenings would they gather around them a few old cronies and while away the hours with reminiscences of past fields carried. One evening while engaged in this sport Hick happened to remember an old flame of his hailing from Coon Hollow and began to give lurid descriptions of her beauty. Jerry likewise remembered this maiden. "I used to go out to see her," he said.

It has often been said that there is nothing like a girl to cause ill-feeling between friends of long standing, and such proved to be the case. Words flew back and forth with the velocity of cannon balls off Port Arthur until an innocent bystander remembered that the dame in question was possessor of a sister.

This sister it seemed wore glasses and failed to measure up to the standard of beauty set by the other one, but her face saved the day. "I'll tell you what," declared Hick, "We'll throw up a nickel, heads I get Rebecca and tails you get her sister."

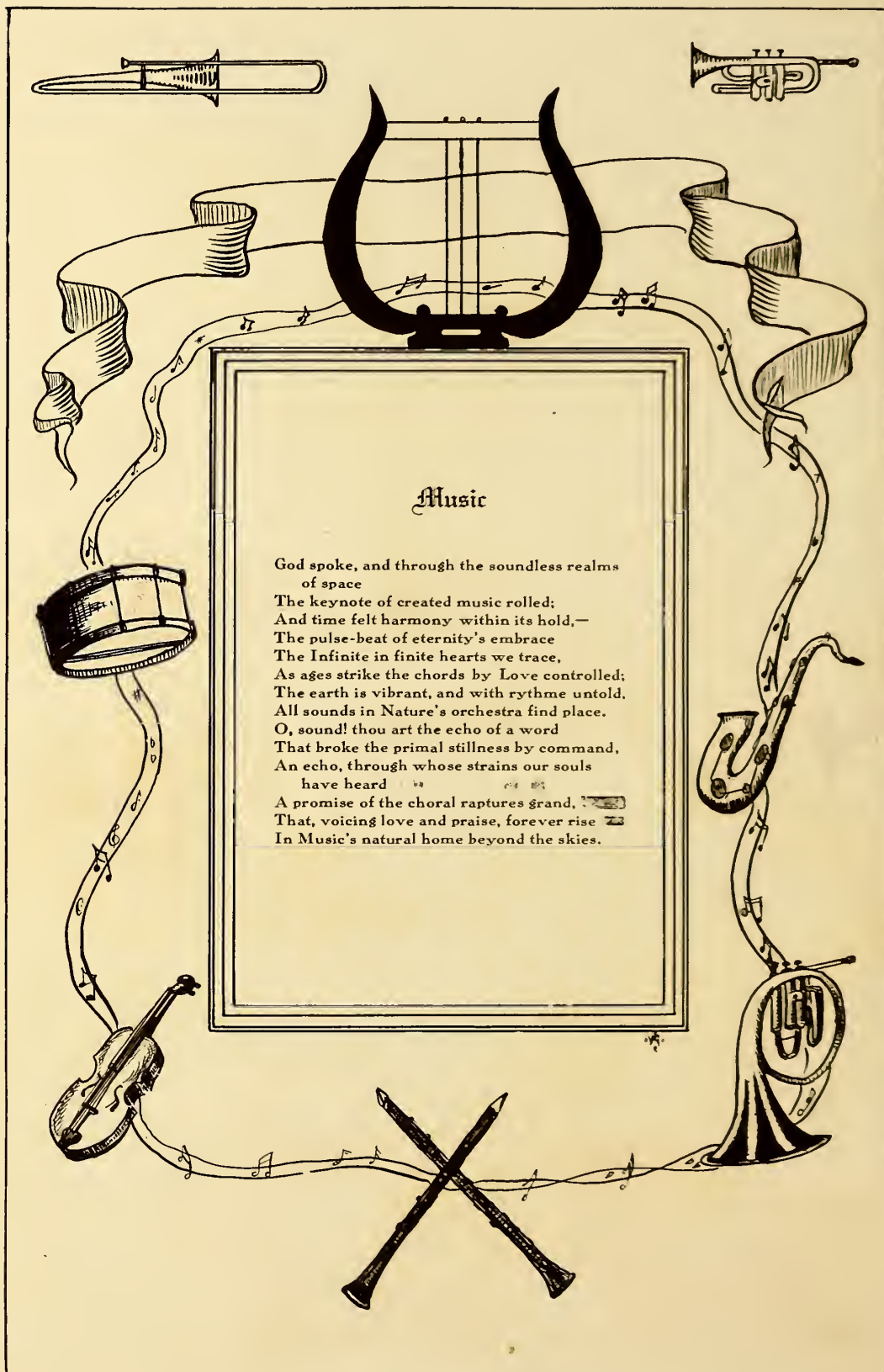
"That's fair enough," answered the worthy Jerry, "I'll go yer." It would seem that this would settle the difficulty, but again you don't know Normal students. Sixty-five minutes, valuable dollars of old King Time, were spent in locating the necessary nickel, and when it was found the "tails" was so worn that poor Jerry was determined that he stood no show of winning anything. The nickel was thrown, however, and like all things of chance, chanced to fall in the wrong place. The fountain was too deep to reach the bottom and too dark to distinguish the gleam through its murky waters. Hick and Jerry are now sworn enemies.

A High School Senior, '14.



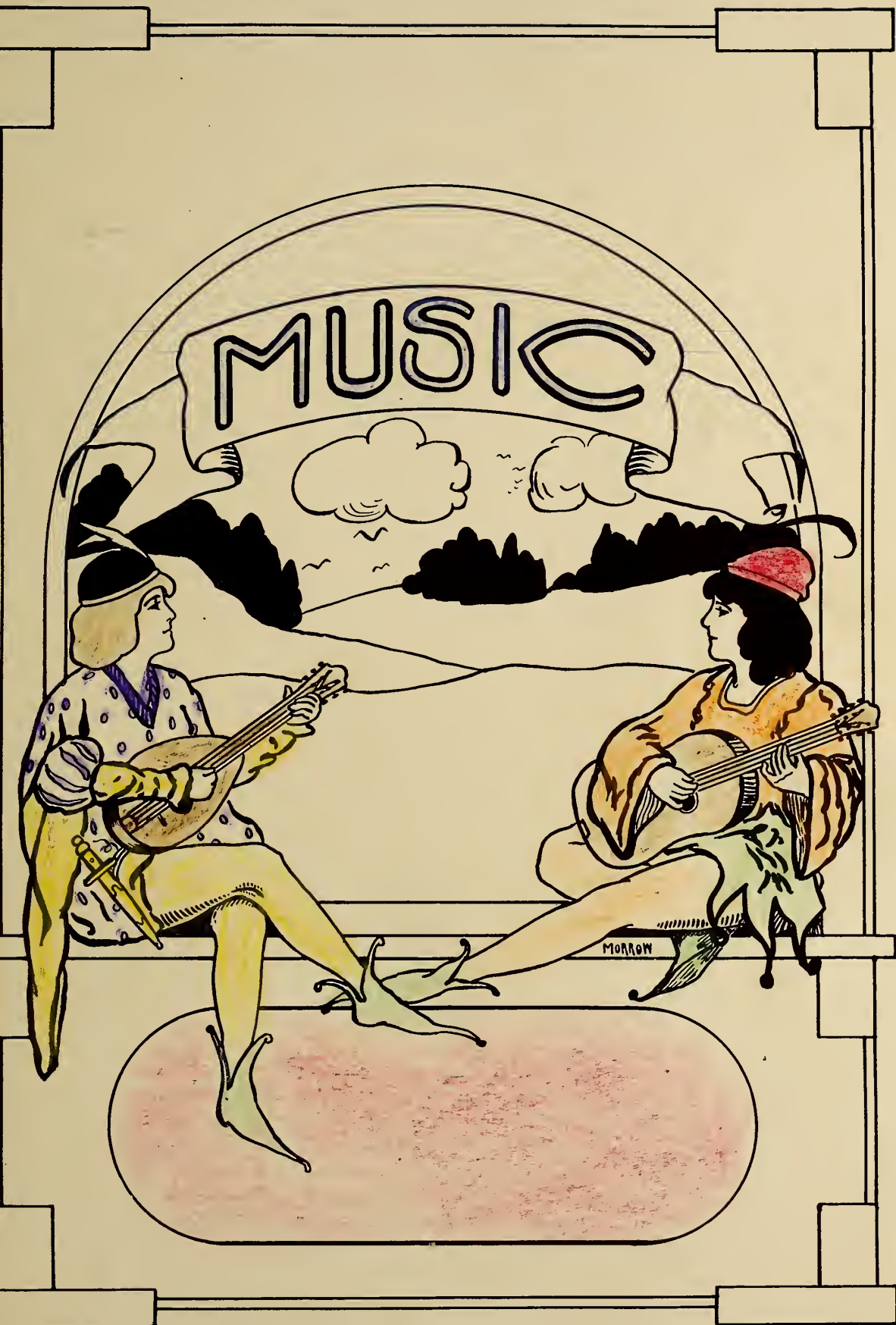
HIGH SCHOOL.





Music

God spoke, and through the soundless realms
of space
The keynote of created music rolled;
And time felt harmony within its hold,—
The pulse-beat of eternity's embrace
The Infinite in finite hearts we trace,
As ages strike the chords by Love controlled;
The earth is vibrant, and with rhythm untold,
All sounds in Nature's orchestra find place.
O, sound! thou art the echo of a word
That broke the primal stillness by command,
An echo, through whose strains our souls
have heard
A promise of the choral raptures grand,
That, voicing love and praise, forever rise
In Music's natural home beyond the skies.



Musical Progress



HE measure of progress is never to be found in the actions or thoughts of today. This is particularly true in music study. It seems next to impossible to note our real advancement as we go along. Our main thought should be for the future, but even then the work we do today may result in accomplishments far greater than our imagination will permit us to dream about. Columbus, dying in despondency at Valladolid, never knew that he had discovered a new continent, a continent that was to become such a powerful element in the political chemistry of the future. Could James Watt foresee that the invention of the steam engine was to make a revolution in the economic systems of the world? Did patient, hard-working Johann Sebastian Bach, producing a masterly composition every day, realize that in 1914 great presses employing scores of people would be grinding out more of his works in a day than were printed in a month during his lifetime? Could Schubert have foreseen that fifty years after his death multitudes would flock to great auditoriums to hear the famous singers of the world bring his masterpieces to life again and again?

To attempt to measure our progress today, is to attempt to compute the future of a seed. We know that an acorn will produce an oak tree, IF the sun, and the wind and the rains permit it. It may develop into a forest or into a sickly sapling. Come back in ten years after the planting and see what has developed.

Musical progress must be measured in a similar manner. It remains for us to be faithful unto ourselves in all our work. But that is not enough for the music student. He must attempt to divine the future. With everything that he plays he should constantly have in mind the object he is working for. He should ask himself at every practice period, "whither is this practice taking me? Is my method of playing it carrying me ahead at the rate of progress which represents the best that is in me?" The student who practices without a definite aim is like the farmer who throws his seeds in a swamp. The student who takes no measure of his progress is little better. Keep a record of what you are able to do today. Examine that record two or three months hence and see whether you are nearer your goal. If not, it would be well for you to find out why you are not progressing. It is impossible for you to note much progress in one day or one week. The retrospect over a few months is, however, a true gauge. Never be discouraged with your day's work—look back at the ground you have covered and then start resolutely toward the goal.

Let us accept music as a gift, a most precious gift of God; let us study it with reverence, let us practice it with humility and diligence, so that we may catch and drink in the spirit of love which it breathes, which is of God, and which leads to God.

It was said by Daniel Webster, "God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it." Just substitute the word "music" for the word "liberty" and the truth still holds.

Poor music expresses human sentiment but poorly; and for this reason it is bound to die before it goes very far. It comes not from the heart, hence

it fails to go to the heart, and for this reason it lacks true life and must pass away.

With the sinking of the Titanic, sixteen hundred lives were sacrificed to the greed for useless luxury and needless speed. Fate sneered at the highest achievement of man who sought dominion on the seas. The heroism of those who lost their lives is a monument to the valor of all who believe in the high ideals of the Anglo-Saxon race.

We feel that we can not pass this time without joining with our readers in a tribute to that little band of musicians which kept on playing, true to their duty, until the dark waters closed over them. Not one of the band was saved. If you ever thought that musicians were not to be classed with men of bravery, reflect upon that unthinkable night of April 14, 1912.

The valor of those men who gave their souls to cheer the dying, had in it the true sacrifice of the Christ spirit. No scene more tragic, more heroic, more inspiring, can be found in the history of all time. The night was star lit. The sea was calm. The small boats were moving away from the great ship. Above the cries and moans of the weak came the sound of the band playing a hymn. That was something more than mere heroism. Such courage in the face of utter helplessness was the noblest manifestation of the divine in man. Can we ever conceive what that music must have meant to those on that boat during the last few hideous moments?

And then again when one realizes the enormous amount of knowledge and technical skill demanded in the musician's career these days, one stands appalled at one's own limitations.

Thankful, we must be that as Oliver Wendell Holmes puts it, "The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men."



CLASS IN MUSIC



H. GRADICH

FLORA HAYSER

WALTER HAYDEN

RUTH MUNSON

KATHERINE FITZPATRICK



PAUL BUNSOLD

PEARL SQUIRE

LILLA KNOX

GLORIA BOOKOUT

MARIE GARRETT

Music Department



OUR Music Department is very fortunate in having a strong corps of able and competent teachers, all of whom have had long years of experience in their respective lines of work. The great success thus far attained is largely due to the efforts of Prof. H. C. Gast, who joined the faculty of this college in March 1914, and since that time has established an enviable reputation as the Dean of the Music Department.

The excellent quality of his work and the splendid singing of his pupils, speak most highly for his sterling ability as a teacher. Mr. Gast has always been an earnest and enthusiastic worker in the Indiana Music Teachers' Association, having served as chairman Executive Committee Music Section, member of Board of Directors and Public School Commission of the Association.

A genuine artist, and one of the few really fine pianists of the state is Miss Irene Boswell St. Quentin, who comes to the M. N. I. this year after an extended course of study in Europe, under the world's renowned pianist, Professor Leschetizky.

Miss St. Quentin is young and has made good use of her time in her art. She possesses skill of high order, delicacy and yet firmness; a rhythmic sense and the ability to interpret with feeling and expression. Her technical equipment is adequate and she plays with a simple, direct and uneffected style that is at once pleasing and convincing.

Miss St. Quentin is certainly an artist of rare ability and one that the Muncie Normal Institute should be proud of.

Lulu May Huffman, head of the Violin Department, is a violinist of more than usual attainments, and her great success as a teacher has been shown by the development of her pupils. Miss Huffman is a musician in the truest sense of the term, an excellent soloist, as well as quartet and ensemble player, and her experience and refined taste combine to make her a teacher who awakens in her pupils an appreciation of the best and the ambition to excel in their work.

Miss Bertha B. Burton is a young woman of broad general culture, high ideals, and conscientious industry. She is thoroughly conversant with the principles of technic, phrasing and other essentials of sound pianism. Her brilliant playing, her intense earnestness, her steady adherence to high musical ideals, and the remarkable results obtained by her from her pupils have won for her a distinctive place in the musical circles.

Mrs. Laura Craig Poland is highly recommended as a safe and conscientious guide for students of the intermediate and teacher's course. Gifted with the greatest earnestness and patience, Mrs. Poland has already, through extended experience, proven her ability as a teacher. Her pupils furnish most convincing testimony as to her merits as a teacher.

Miss Beulah Janney is esteemed as a very fine teacher of pupils of tender years. She is excellently qualified by a long and thorough course of study and experience, and her pleasing disposition and a charm of manner towards her pupils, cannot fail to endear her to young charges—a most important matter where children are concerned.



KINDERGARTEN CLASS



ORCHESTRA

Public School Music



HE public in general, as well as many educated people, do not appreciate the value of Public School Music, but look upon it as a diversion rather than a regular subject. Only in the last few years has this branch been treated with due consideration. People were narrow in their views, and could see no value other than voice training and sight reading. They did not see the effect and influence of music on the development and character of the child.

Music, when well taught, should occupy as important a place in the school curriculum as any subject. Unlike many subjects it should be taught from the lowest grade to the highest.

Music should be taught in the school so as to accomplish something more than the ability to sing or read scales, rightly used it has more discipline for the mind, heart and character, and provides higher ideals than any other course of training. Music can accomplish as much for the student as mathematics, language or geography, and affords an entirely separate field for research and enjoyment.

Music should be and is fast becoming on an equal basis with all subjects devoted to mental training. The student who majors in music must have a thorough knowledge of physics and science of acoustics, and must be versed in literature, history and the languages.

The supervisors of Public School Music should be very discreet and use the greatest care in selecting the courses for the different grades. Songs used for primary work should be suited to the stage of child's mental development. Similarly the works should be selected for the higher grades.


It is in the high school that many supervisors are apt to err. There may be found voices in all the stages of development. Some are changing among the boys, others are at that uncertain point when one scarcely knows where to place them. While others are fully matured. The placing of voices in the chorus is a task that requires much thought and skill. The selection of proper numbers for use is an equally difficult task, and great many failures result from this fault. What a mistake it is for a high school chorus to attempt such music as "Hallelujah Chorus" from "The Messiah." The long-continued singing at the top of the voice is unfit for immature voices and often ruins them. The chest register of the girls is usually light, and breathy, and they should not be forced to sing selections requiring great volume and long duration. No director should classify a voice for the sake of balancing the chorus.

To go into detail regarding the method of teaching, and the duties of the supervisor of Public School Music, would require too much space; however, may it be said that the teaching and supervision of this important branch is not a mere diversion for someone who wants to make his way easy, but on the contrary it is a real task for the person who is interested in school work and conscientious enough to pursue it diligently.

It has been until recently that one could teach without any great knowledge of music. It is not so today, for the time is at hand when music will be properly recognized and given proper consideration in the great educational systems of our Republic. Time and progress only are needed to establish it as an accredited study, for

"All one's life is music, if one touches
The notes rightly and in tune."

The Life of a Musician

T has been the custom for the boys of the Music Department to go camping every summer. In camp a few summers ago, Chas. Wilson, Arnold Hogan, James Bowers and Joe Cline occupied one tent. They had everything planned weeks before. Each one had some particular work.

Upon their arrival at the lake, the first task to accomplish was the pitching of the tent. After having completed this work, they began immediately to furnish their tent and make it habitable for boys.

Each had his work to do, one went to the barn for straw, one washed the dishes, one cleaned the stove out and made some furniture, and the other put away the eats. After everything was put in order, they proceeded to make their beds of straw and soon the tent looked very cozy.

Hogan said, that he believed the washing of the dishes was the hardest work of all, for they had not been washed since the last meal had been eaten from them one year before.

Dinner time soon came and each one grabbed a fork and a plate, for they were very hungry. The eats were divided evenly as possible, for if one got more than another it would sure end in a quarrel, in a short time the first meal was ended and the dishes were put to soak in the lake.

The next meal which consisted of ham, eggs and pancakes, was prepared by Hogan, he having been elected cook, because of his great skill in Domestic Science. He had been a private pupil of one of the girls in the Domestic Science Department of the M. N. I., and before putting the ham into the skillet, he spit in it to test its temperature.

Wilson in his demonstration of how to catch a sucker, knocked a glass can off a box and the broken glass went right into the solitary can of molasses. He rescued the molasses, however, by straining it through the dust rag. The molasses was of great value for it softened the pancakes which Hogan made. Those pancakes were certainly great, and not one of them went to waste, for what they couldn't eat, they used for a door mat and a walk to the lake shore.

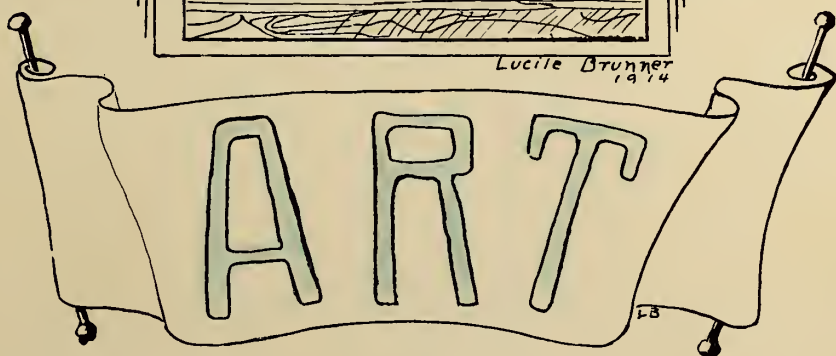
When night rolled around each one fought for his space in the bed. Coats and anything that was handy were used for covers.

Day after day, and night after night, the fun went on until they awoke to the fact that they were entirely out of money and provisions and upon arriving at this point in their camping experience, they all concluded they would return to the M. N. I. where you will find them now, wistfully watching and wishing for a chance to accept the company of some girls in the Domestic Science Department who will assist them in preparing for their annual camping party for this season.





Lucile Brunner
1914



Editorial

THE serious study of Art is a valuable aid to mental discipline and to the development of taste and general culture. It teaches one to notice the beautiful in everything and to appreciate to a fuller extent the marvelous works of Nature. President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard College, said: "Drawing is as necessary for all the purposes of life as language, but drawing is a better mode of expression."

The work in Art this year has made a great stride towards attaining its rightful place in the Normal Institute. The number of Art students has increased considerably and during the coming year it is hoped to make it one of the biggest and strongest departments of the school.

An extended course is offered under the conduct of an instructor of eminent ability, who has studied in the best Art schools and who has trained students who have developed marked artistic ability. The course includes work in Art for Home Decoration and Design, Manual Art, General Art and Public School Art.

The department was moved this year from the room it had occupied in the basement to two commodious and well-lighted ones on the second floor. The rooms are artistically decorated with the works of the students, many pieces of which took prizes at the Muncie Art Exhibit last spring. The thorough course offered, together with the ability of the teacher and the beauty of the studios, makes the Art department one of the most popular of those offered by the Normal Institute.





ART CLASS



AMONG THE BOOK BINDERS

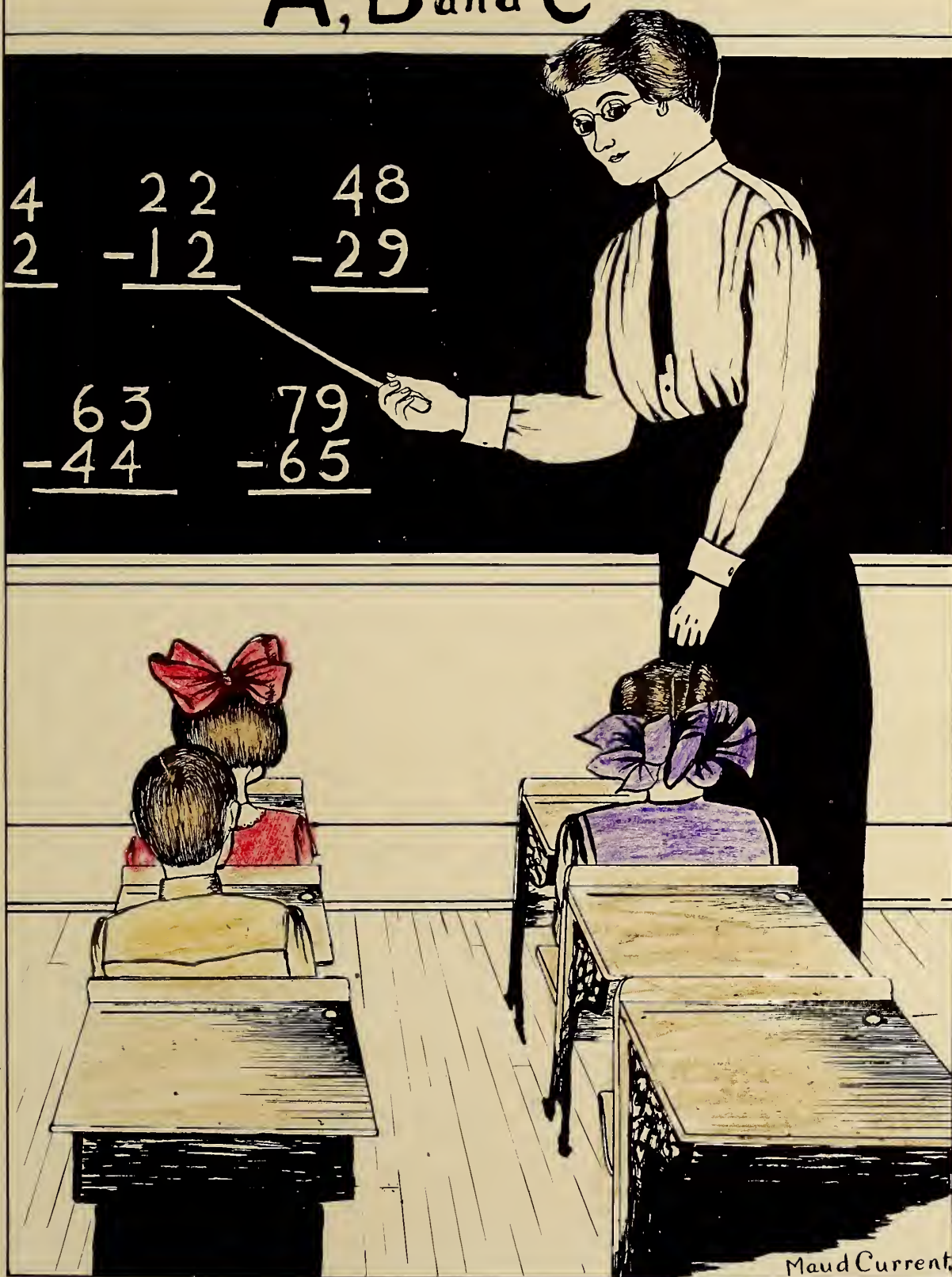


INDIAN ART MADE EDUCATIONAL

A, B and C

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ 2 \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 22 \\ -12 \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 48 \\ -29 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 63 \\ -44 \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 79 \\ -65 \end{array}$$



Maud Current.

Graduates

OFFICERS OF SECOND YEAR AND C CLASS


ANNA VAUGHN, President CHESTER SCHLEGEL, Treasurer
LORA BAKER, Vice President LOUISA CARITHERS, Secretary

Motto—"Rowing, not drifting"

Colors—Green and Gold

Flower—Yellow Rose

Editorial

F all the splendid departments in our Institute, I deem that the Teachers Department ranks at the head of the list. The great purpose is to reap that which we have sown. Give to others that which we think will make them the best generation that can possibly be brought forth.

We have heard the cry from superintendents and officials, "Bring us practical teachers, ones that will give the best instruction to these children." This is one purpose we are trying to attain. Not to teach school for the sole purpose of a salary, but to have such standards and live such lives that the community can hold us up as their ideal school teacher. "Not failure but low aim, is crime."

Our thoughts must be with the boys and the girls because they are going to be the men and women of tomorrow; also in the joy of serving others. One thought is to beautify the school room, in this way make the child happy and joyous

Time and time again we receive calls to fill places in the larger town schools, in the little red brick school houses, with carved initials on the desks. Then our large city schools summon us to come. Some are showing their ability in primary courses, in the higher grade departments, high school and in almost every place. We come from summer to summer to our Normal to receive instruction so as to solve different problems that come up in our work.

When our teachers first enter the profession they haven't all the views that a teacher must have but acquire these from study and actual work.

Our training school is so well equipped with such teachers that it will send the students out with the instruction necessary for work.

To one that has had work in the Muncie Normal Institute these things will be true.

The work of our department is largely due to the ability of Professor Pearce, dean of the Teachers Department.

With such an efficient professor, with the super-abundance of knowledge and high moral standard, we can't help but mold our character as a model school teacher.

As years go by Muncie Normal Institute will be spoken of as sending out the best qualified teachers of the state. Anna Vaughan.



GLADYS WATSON

"What is the reasoning of a man to that of a woman?"



MARIE KIRCHNER

"Only a smile to break the sadness."



ANNA VAUGHN

"The glory of a young woman is a good character."



LILLIAN RANDELL

"Small, but mighty."



LOUISA CARITHERS

"What is love?"



JEANETTE SUTTON

"A Kentucky lassie."

LORA BAKER

"There is one way — duty."

RAUSA TRAUBAU

Poem — "Myself and I"

I'm the best friend I ever had,
I like to be with me;
I like to sit and tell myself,
Things confidentially

I often sit and ask me,
If I shouldn't or should,
And I find my advice to me
Is always pretty good.

I never got acquainted with myself
Until here of late,
And I find myself a lovely chum,
I treat me simply great.

I talk with me and walk with me,
And show me right and wrong,
I never knew how well myself
And me could get along.

I never try to cheat me
I'm as thoughtful as can be

No matter what comes or goes,
I'm on the square with me.

It's great to know yourself
And have a friend that's all your own,
To be such company for yourself,
You're never left alone.

You'll try to avoid the masses,
And you'll find a crowd's a joke,
If you only treat yourself
As well as other folk.

I've made a study of myself
Compared with me the lot,
And I've finally concluded
I'm the best friend I've got.

Just get together with yourself
And trust yourself with you,
And you'll be surprised how well
Yourself will like you if you do.

—Reba Fritz, Class "A"



CLASS A

Class "A" Prophecy

SEVERAL years had passed since the Class "A" students of M. N. I. '14 had all been together, but after years of successful work and experience, they held a great banquet in 1925 in the lower hall of the Old College building. Of this I shall tell you,—

Should you ask me whence these people,
Whence these energetic people,
With their talent and their genius,
I should tell you, I should answer,—
From Class "A" '14 of M. N. I.
The professors welcomed all the happy guests assembled,
And they recognized their greatness,
As the best class that ever left Muncie Normal,
Then arose the mighty Bishop (Luther)
And silenced the three hundred guests assembled,
And Ruth Lakin, she the greatest of all speakers,
Spoke the pieces which had given her fame.
Then Loyd Brown, the great professor,
Told his tale of fame and fortune.
Dixie Miller, a famous singer,
She the sweetest of all singers,
Sang of Love (ett Mae) and truth and bravery.
Every one that saw her "New" 'er (Pauline).
And were Glad (ys) (Snyder) that they had known her.
Then arose the great
He a world-wide known musician
Touched the piano Keys (Geo.) as with magic fingers.
Luther Myers, a French (Ancel) teacher,
Sang his song in the foreign language.
Others showed their skill in stories, songs and speeches,
That the time might pass more gaily,
And the guests be more contented.
Then the Domestic Science girls,
They the greatest cooks of all time,
Served the banquet guests assembled.
Next the famous Lester Brewer, lit the Peace-pipe
As a token of the fame and name of the class assembled.
Thus the Class "A" banquet ended.
And the banquet guests departed.
In the glory of the Silver (s Earl) Moon (Gerald) light.
With happy Harts (Pearl) and faces,
To the tasks of daily life, and to the great things of the future.

A True Story

FOR three long years she had toiled diligently in the college, thinking of little but her work and meeting no one save her classmates with whom she had only a speaking acquaintance. And now she had graduated. At last had she reached the goal to which she had been striving for so many years. But now that she had graduated, what was there for her to do next? She had been offered many positions in the city but because of the distance from her home and because of her invalid mother, she was unable to accept. One day she was sitting quietly at home, reading to her mother, when a gentleman knocked at the door. He inquired for Miss Jane Sterling, which name applies to our heroine. The gentleman had come there to offer to Jane the position of teacher in the district school which was situated about a mile from her home. The offer seemed like a great blessing to Jane, as the school lay at an easy walking distance from her home and she could spend a great part of her time with her mother.

Jane accepted the position and one bright morning early in September went to assume her duties. The school house lay in the edge of a beautiful forest. The building was of brick and was well furnished. Jane had intended to do her very best and even in this position, small as it seemed, do something for which she would some day be rewarded. She thought that no matter how small our position in life, we are always afforded opportunities for rendering service to someone. Jane arrived at the building early. She rearranged some of the furnishings of the room and when the first pupil arrived was already sitting at her desk ready to welcome him with a hearty greeting and a pleasant smile. One by one the children arrived, and when at eighty-thirty, the bell rang, the children had all arrived and all, except one, had been made to feel that here they were to enjoy a pleasant term together.

This one was a boy, Jack Hansom by name. He was a rough, awkward boy and of uncouth manners. He had come there with the idea that he would be master of the school as he had been the previous year. To all the friendly advances which Jane made, he offered no response, and for a time she was perplexed and ill at ease, because she surmised that he intended to give her trouble. All during the day he continued his sulking manner. When called upon, he refused to recite and it seemed to be his utmost desire to disturb the discipline of the entire school.

This state of affairs continued during the first two weeks. On the Monday following, Miss Sterling asked that each one in Jack's class write a short composition. The subject for these compositions was left for their own choosing. All morning Jane watched Jack and noticed that he sat idly playing and today she knew that something must happen or her work in the school was to be a failure and all because of that one boy. To make a success, she knew she must win the respect of the school and to do this she must conquer Jack. When class time arrived, she called on the different members of the class and each responded with a composition all of which pleased her very much. At last, she called on Jack. He gruffly replied, "that he hadn't any." When questioned as to his failure, he angrily said "that he did not intend to write one." Miss Sterling felt the vague impulse of unrest that always precedes a storm, but in her own sweet voice merely said, "At four o'clock, Jack, I'll expect you to have a composition for me." Jack idled the remainder of the day, only occasionally he would write, but his writing seemed to be only short sentences.

Four o'clock came. Miss Sterling dismissed the rest of the children and she was left alone with Jack. She now resolved in some way to win the love and respect of Jack Hansom. She approached him in her most pleasing manner and asked him kindly to read his composition. And this is what he read:

"The Devil flew from North to South
With Jane Sterling in his mouth,
When he found she was no fool,
He dropped her down here to teach this school."


When he had finished the reading, Miss Sterling gave vent to a fit of laughter and then clasping Jack's hand said, "Jack, you're all right!" A complete change came over Jack. He could not for a minute understand it all, but finally he realized the situation and was pleased.

The next morning, when Miss Sterling arrived at school, on her desk was a vase of geraniums and in it a card bearing these words, "To one who understands a boy." From this on to the close of school, small presents found their way to Miss Sterling's desk. It was always Jack who was ready to kindle the fire and carry the wood. He wanted to continually serve Jane.

Jack was completely changed from a useless boy to one who had a purpose in life and his purpose seemed to be to live to make others happy. And when the term ended and Jane Sterling felt that in the reforming this one boy, she had accomplished something which was well worth while, and for which she would one day be rewarded.

Henry Morrow, Class "B" '14.

Prophecy of Class "B"

N the fall of 1930 I chanced to be looking over an annual from Harvard College and noticed among the list of graduates the following names: Ruth Keys, Martha Purtebaugh, Glenn Keller, Goldie Campbell, Flora Manuel, Miriam White, Russell Plymate, Lelia Trusler, Hazel Carver, Martha Laird and Madge Ferris. These I recognized as Class "B" students at Muncie in the summer term of 1914. My curiosity being aroused I began an inquiry concerning other members of the class.

I found Ferde Swoveland, Ralph Thomas, Herbert Cortright and Hobart Alexander studying medicine in Germany.

Florence Beck, Mary Luther, Nellie Hodson and Edna Covault were on the stage in Paris.

Chester Vernon, Everett Godwin, Archie Addington and Paul McCoy went on a trip to Mars in a flying automobile under the leadership of Lewis Hyman and have not been heard of since. It is supposed that they are visiting other planets.

By further investigation I found that Sumner Shrimp, Bess Doty, Grace Pape, Melva Harris, Tressie Wasson, Edith Abshire, Grace Dudley, Florine Downing, Frances Guffigan, Lottie Lockhart and Cecil Jenkins were studying in the different countries of Europe.

Fred Hiatt was president of Yale College and Henry Morrow of Leland Stanford University.

By extended investigation I found that Clyde Hendrix, Berle Mason, Charles Waters, James Johnson and Lee Hare had become distinguished generals in the Anglo-Mongolian war and that John Switzer, Walter Beard and Rollie White were killed in this sanguinary conflict.

Maude Current and George Barnes have taken up the study of Art in Italy.

In another article I saw where Lelia Pastol, Fern Smith, Faye Frazee, Alice Hoggart, Ethel Mann, Dortha Snyder, Edna Keister, Ruby Brown, Grace Miller and Mable Ball had become leading suffragettes in England.

Some of the more unfortunate, Gladys Stanford, Lydia Snyder, Iris Castor, Prudence Carmichael and Goldie Van Gordon were teaching school in the rural districts of Australia.

Was sorry to learn that many, whose names are now unknown, were lost when the Kaiser Wilhelm III sunk in the middle of the Atlantic. This dreadful catastrophe was wholly due to the reckless leadership of Raymond Gilbert who was acting as pilot of the ship.

By chance Whitaker survived to tell the sad tale and Anny Wolfe and Edna Love were the only names he could remember of the victims. The unknown are resting in the sea.

Mable Barnes, Class "B"



CLASS B

A View of College Life

To him who in the love of college life holds
Communion with her Muncie Normal she speaks
A word of welcome; for his wakeful hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his slumher period with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
His lessons ere he is aware. When thots
Of the last sweet hours come like a flash
Over thy mind, and glorious images
Of dancing fairies, and birds, and music
And beautiful gardens arranged in symmetry
Make thee to rejoice and grow anxious at heart;—
Go forth under the spreading coverlets, and list
To the voice of Morpheus, while from all around—
Books and their treasures, and the hurrying of pens—
Comes a still voice—

Yet a few hours and thee
The all-beholding land shall see no more
In all its beauty; nor yet in the soft bed,
Where thy pale form lay, with much comfort,
Nor in the embrace of dreamland shall exist
Thy image. Duty that awoke thee shall claim
Thy presence, to be taken to class again,
And last each correct solution, surrendering up
Thine individual excuse, shalt thou go
To mix never with the precocious,
To be a brother to the insensible mutt
And to the sluggish idiot, whom the cruel Prof
Rolls in his mind and marks minus. The instructor
Shall draw his books open, and ask others questions.

Yet not to thy temporary resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Pain more tormenting. Thou shalt sit down
With blockheads of the preceding term—with dolts
The powerless of the earth—the deaf, the dumb,
Mentally blind, hoary teachers of ages past,
All in one mighty class. The seats
Highly polished, and handy as Fords,—the aisles
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable air—officials that move
In majesty, and complaining janitors
That keep additions clean; and poured around all,
The instructors gray and melancholy tune,—
Are but solemn decorations all
Of this great class of students. The dear father,
The mother, all the infinite host of brothers,
Are watching on the sad results of effort,
Thru the still lapse of terms. All that pass
The exams are but a handful to the multitudes
That are in this class. Take the advice
Of the Professor, Pierce the difficult lesson,
Or lose thyself in a continuous meditation
Where rolls the wheels, and hears no sound,
Save his own thinking—the earnest reign there alone
And many in those altitudes, since first
The flight of years began have been promoted
In just a short time—a means precedes a will
So shalt thou rejoice, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the class, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? None that breathe
Will be encouraged. The others will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of unfortunates
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all of these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And seek advice of thee. As the long train
Of terms glides away, the students of Muncie,
The chemist in the radium lab, and he who goes

In complete attire of judge, minister and maid,
The loquacious sage, and the bald-headed man—
Shall one by one be respectively promoted
By those who in their turn shall precede them.

O, kind King! More kind than harsh, cruel or unjust
Look on the acquired attainments of this class,
This is thy work: the result encourages effort
Let it be praised. Lota keep the class
And seize upon the suggestions of some
For they succeed to you. To you fellow sufferers
Remains the appreciation of this noble work
The time, the place, to whom; O, express it!
Myself will straight depart and to the State
The noble work with noble heart relate.

Now fellow students and performers on tools
Hath not old chance made this life more sweet
Than that of sheer decision? Are not these halls
More free from care than the summer home?
Here feel we but the service of Mrs. Bart
A sense of duty. As the icy stare, the
Churlish chiding of the same's mouth
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shriek with fever I smile and say,
"This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which like the toad ugly and venomous
Wears yet a pleasing look upon his face
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in teachers, books in circulating libraries
Sermons in chapel and good in everything.

Thanks, dear Tripp

O my achievement is great? It reaches to heaven
It has the primal eldest mark upon it
A fundamental principle. Thanks can I not
Through inclination be as sharp as well
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent
And like a man to double business bound
I stand in pause where I shall first begin
And both neglect. What if the developed head
Where thicker than itself with Analytical Formulas?
Are there not examples enough in the sweet world
To keep them continually burnished. Where do we
Find a problem but to confront the visage of a function
And what's in solution but this two-fold force
To be worked out ere we come to class or
Copied on the run. Then I'll look up
My turn is passed. But, oh, what form of excuse
Can serve my turn. Forgive me my good teacher
That cannot be since I am still possessed
Of the effects for which I did the wrong.
My notebook, my solution, my own explanation—
May we be pardoned and still retain the guilt
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offenses' gilded hand may show by justice
And oft it is seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but it is not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature, and we ourselves compelled
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help angels! make assay!
Bow stubborn knees; and, heart with string of steel
Be soft as sinews of the new born babe!
We may get our credits.

Easy McMullan; No it is hard we know not peace.
'Tis not alone our incompetence noble instructor,
Nor our customary display of artistic obtuseness,

Nor the frequent explosion of rapid thot;
 No, nor the occasional expression of honest effort,
 Nor the forced suppression of desired sleep
 Together with all manners, forms, shows of excellence
 Thou can denote us truly: These indeed are
 For they are actions for which we are credited
 But we have thot within which passeth show
 These but the trapping and suits joy.

And now good teachers
 Do not as some stern pedantics do
 Show us the steep and thorny way to success.
 Whites, like a puffed and reckless libertine
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
 And reckons not with his own philosophy.

Who steals my outline, steals trash; 'tis something, not much:
 'Twas mine, 'tis ours and has been slave to many
 But he that from me my good lesson
 Robs me of that which greatly enriches him,
 And discredits me also.

—Roy Risk, Class "C"



CLASS C AND TWO-YEAR

Prophecy of the Class "C" and Two-year Graduates

ONE day while in Muncie where I was attending school I was walking down Jackson street; a strange experience happened to me. I met an inventor who had a marvelous machine that he called the Future-scope. I said to him in a joking way, "Let me see the future of my fellow classmates, fifteen years from now." He said, "Come up on Walnut street where I have my studio." I followed the stranger into a long hall, which led to a large room, well lighted. In here he had several apparatuses of this sort. I sat down in an easy rocking chair and he stationed the machine before me. He said, "Look into the peep hole of the machine and give me the name of the party desired."

I replied slowly, "Marie Kirchner." He began to turn a crank and an

elegantly dressed woman appeared and began singing beautifully. At first I thought this person must be Schumann-Heink, but upon looking closer I recognized Marie.

Next I asked for Gladys Watson, and at once a throng of women appeared led by a person whose face seemed familiar. When they drew near I at once recognized Gladys as the leader of a suffragette parade.

I now recalled the name of Anna Vaughan. Then it seemed as though I could see the M. N. I. and could hear them praising their agriculture department. The head of the department appeared and the face seemed familiar although a number of years older. It proved to be Anna.

I now wished to see Jeanette Sutton. The scene that appeared was in a large city. A crowd of people were gathered in a circle. In the midst of this circle I recognized Jeanette demonstrating a patent hair pin.

Lillian Randell and Louisa Carithers were now brought to my mind. First an island appeared before me. Then a band of people seemed to be in great triumphant over their leaders. When they drew nearer the leaders proved to be Lillian and Louisa. They were missionaries upon this island.

I now wondered what occupation Clarence Beck was following and the Future-scope pictured him as the oratory teacher in the kindergarten at Yorktown.

The next view was that of the M. N. I. chapel. The Dean of the Institute arose to read the announcements of the lost, strayed and stolen of the M. N. I. As the picture became clearer to my eye the Dean proved to be C. D. Fouts of the class of '14.

One more was to be brought to mind, this was Lora Baker. The Future-scope pictured Lora as a designer of hats in Paris.

Esther E. Thomas, Class "C"





MISCELLANEOUS





PEN CLASS



PENMANSHIP



THE Y. M. C. A. which existed fifteen years as an important factor in the splendid work of the Marion Normal College, was transplanted with the school and continues to exert its beneficent influence at Muncie. Appealing, as it does to the religious and social nature, it has been a popular organization and has enjoyed the hearty co-operation and support of the faculty, management and student body. The aim of the association is service and it has cheerfully aided the new students in finding friends and congenial homes. Members of the faculty, and business and professional men of the city have kindly assisted in many weekly programs and have been a help and inspiration to the young men who are striving to prepare for life's duties. Participation in the Y. M. C. A. and its auxiliary, the Personal Workers League, has been the beginning of a broader and a richer spiritual life for many members. The association is justly proud of the splendid room assigned to it as a permanent home.



Y. W. C. A. Editorial

AURILLA MAYME PILE



HE Young Women's Christian Association of the Muncie Normal Institute has, in the main, prospered well since the beginning of the school year. Regardless of the fact that at times the number was small, the thread of interest was not broken but remained as a steady foundation to build up the membership with the next influx of students.

We had a very noted guest during the month of April, Miss Pearson, who is Field Secretary over the territory of Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin. She had a private meeting with the cabinet and there gave some very good ideas which are being carried out in the organization to a certain extent but will be of more use to the students of the coming year. She had charge of the regular weekly meeting one evening of her visit and gave a very impressive talk.

The social part of the Y. W. C. A. is an important phase of the work. We stand for the development of the social standards as well as mental, religious and physical.

With each beginning term, we with the kind assistance of our brother organization, the Y. M. C. A. have welcomed the new students by meeting the trains to avoid their inopportune visit to the Silverplate factory and by giving them an informal reception.

A program of music, readings, games and social conversation was presented. The object of this was to get the new students acquainted that they might not become victims of that dreadful disease—homesickness. We believe then that our object was accomplished for each of them, found some other members of their "family" present in playing the family games. Our social service committee did some excellent work in furnishing the sick rooms with flowers.

The lady members of the faculty have given us some very interesting talks on practical subjects. These series were presented in accordance with suggestions sent out by the State Board.

The Oratory and Music Departments have favored the organization with special numbers quite frequently during the year which added much to the spirit of the meetings.

The Y. W. C. A. will be represented at Geneva Lake convention and are preparing "stunts" to get the where-with-all to send them. We think we will have a good showing there but aspire to having a better one next year.

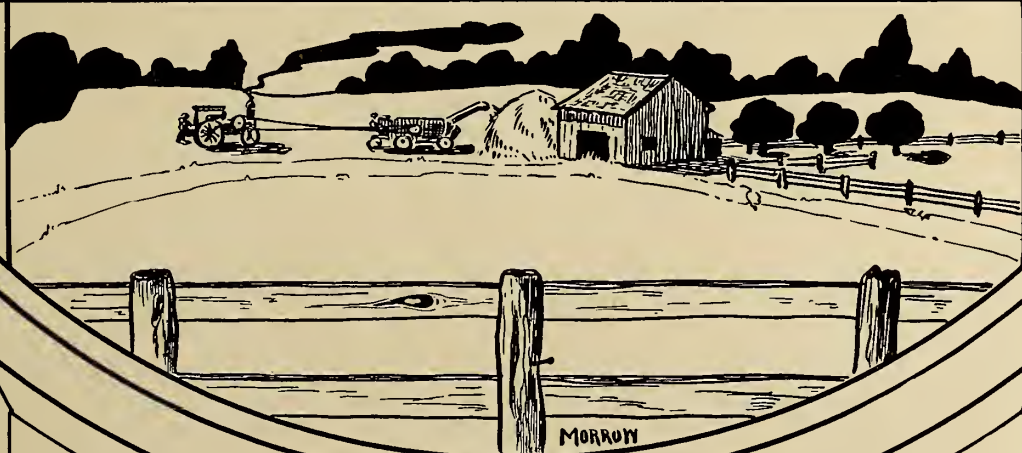


The above forty-seven girls of the Y. W. C. A. membership with their friends spent a few memorable hours picnicking at McCulloch Park, Saturday, June 6th. The above picture of smiling countenances gives a faint idea of the good time we had. The girls prepared a very delicious lunch for the affair and Mrs. Johnston added a "grand surprise" by presenting some lucious strawberries served with ice cream.





AGRICULTURE



Agricultural Department



THE importance of Agriculture as a subject in the school curriculum has been emphasized by the action of the State Board of Education, and the State Assembly, in requiring the teaching of Agriculture as a regular subject in the schools of Indiana.

In order that teachers may prepare to meet the demands thus made upon them, the Normal schools are offering courses in the Science of Agriculture. The Muncie Normal Institute has placed herself in the very first rank in this work. Agriculture has been taught at all times in connection with other courses, but on September 16, 1913, the Agriculture courses were organized into a department.

This department offers a two-year course, twenty-four credits above high school. The course includes: Soils and Fertilizers, Crops and Crop Growing, Animal Husbandry, Horticulture, Dairying and Poultry. The degree of Bachelor of Agricultural Education will be conferred upon students completing this work.

In order that the study of Agriculture may be a combination of theory and practice in the Muncie Normal Institute, instead of theory vs. practice, the Institution has large experimental plots where all theories are carefully worked out. At the present time over one hundred and twenty experiments are being tried out under actual farm conditions.

Through the untiring efforts of our instructor, Prof. C. L. Quear, the agriculture students have secured the privilege of the use of the Shick Dairy Farm, adjoining the college campus. This is one of the most up-to-date dairy farms in Indiana, having a herd of near half a hundred excellent Jersey and Holstein cows; and all modern equipment for feeding and stabling the animals. An excellent opportunity is thus given the students to get first hand information concerning dairy characteristics and the methods employed on a practical dairy farm where business is on a paying basis.

In co-operation with the work in Animal Husbandry are Drs. O. L. Boor and C. C. Dobson, proprietors of the leading veterinary hospital in the city. Demonstrations are given by these men that are of infinite value to the students who are teachers.

In addition to the two-year course a very excellent short course has been organized for advanced students, those taking Class C or higher work. This course is an eighteen weeks course and gives the students a good working knowledge of the subject. The credits secured in this work can be applied as a science credit on any course in the college.

The proper study of soils, fertilizers and feeds requires the application of the science of elementary chemistry, so a course in Agriculture Chemistry was organized April 4, 1914. This is a very valuable adjunct to the Agriculture Department, as it provides for the needs of students along that line.

Another interesting and important phase of the course is the work in Taxionomy, under the direction of Prof. Calvin. The purpose of the course is to acquaint students with the life history of the many weeds found in our state and presenting the most effective methods of combating harmful plants. By the close of such a term's work the student is prepared to classify and catalogue almost any plant growing in the state. The purpose of all these

different phases of the work is to lighten the labors of the farmer and place his work upon a scientific basis.

Another valuable adjunct to the Agriculture work is the course in Concrete Construction, under the supervision of Prof. Steward. The Agriculture Department, awake to the coming importance of concrete as a building material, and realizing its importance as a school subject because of its application to the lives of the pupils, and also on account of the fact that necessary apparatus is very inexpensive, has introduced the course, so that teachers may become acquainted with the fundamental principles of concrete construction. This action on the part of the management has been highly complimented by state officials.

The work begins with a study of the chemical properties of lime and cement, and is followed with experiments in the actual mixing of mortar, testing out the efficiency of mortar of various proportions. This is followed by the construction of various farm utilities as fence posts, watering troughs, well curbs, etc.

Since the organization of these courses over four hundred and fifty students, representing almost every state in the Union, have availed themselves of the opportunity to do work where all modern facilities are provided, and where the work is under the direction of skilled instructors.

The department is well provided with apparatus and equipment. It has a collection of agriculture specimens, once considered the best in the United States. The department has access to all the apparatus of the veterinary hospital and also that of the Shick Dairy Farm.

Room 39 is equipped for Crops and Horticulture work; Room 41 is fitted for Chemical work; and Room 40 for Lecture work. Each of these rooms is equipped to the best advantage possible for Normal school work.



The Woman of Tomorrow



IN the beginning woman was created man's helpmate, but if she is not in thorough sympathy with his work, in accord to his movements, does not possess a clear understanding of his aims, can she be a true helper in any sense of the word?

Her mission is not perverted, but elevated to a higher plane when she is able to appreciate the details of her husband's mission.

The farmer's wife, who knows nothing of the composition of soil, the rotation of crops, the propagation of plants, climatic influences, drainage, tillage and the conservation of farm crops, forces her husband to seek a sympathetic listener at the country store.

A woman, who purposes to live on a farm should endeavor to render herself thoroughly familiar with the fundamentals of farm life, and bring up her daughter with an intimate knowledge of the subject. The study of agriculture should be added to the curriculum of every high school, college or university, and a certain amount of experiment or demonstrative work required. Even in large towns pupils may be taught the selection of seed corn, the time for planting, gathering, etc.; how long certain seeds retain their power of germination; when beans, potatoes, etc., should be cultivated and how ripe the grain should be before the binder goes into the field. Verily "we seek too high for things close by and lose what nature found us."

The very ground beneath our feet is rich in possibilities and every foot of it may be utilized to a good purpose.

The dominant note in the new education is industrial, and the farm is the basis of all the industries.

Every century is a reflection of the preceding century with here and there an added light. Manual Training, Domestic Science and Agriculture are gaining recognition as the essentials in the training of our sons and daughters.

The idle aristocracy is rapidly being displaced by the useful men and women of the day; or they are converts of the principle which teaches "get busy or get out of the way for someone else who might fill your place more acceptably."

If the women everywhere—especially in Indiana, a state of wonderful resources—will add a knowledge of elementary agriculture to their list of attainments, they will find more happiness and congeniality disseminated at their own fireside and, when they are driven hence by force of circumstances, they may command salaries on par with men.

Unceasing toil is the price of success in every undertaking. It never comes by the gift route. First fit yourself to meet the requirements of a position, and the position—with its accompanying benefits—will be yours.

The woman who frets over the monotony of farm life, who does not see the mystery in the upspringing green shoot (bearing on its head the discarded shell of the seed) or the beauty in the unfolding leaves with their crown of fragrant blossoms, or fails to drink in the intoxicating sweetness of the clover fields loses incalculably more than she realizes. You ask how all girls may have special training in agriculture, as well as domestic science?

Persuade parsimonious courts to appropriate money to this end, or influence voters to increase the rate of taxation. The girls and boys too, need all the aid available to make the farm attractive after it has been made tolerable by improved conditions.

Get busy! The men and women who are passive are negative factors in every revolutionary field.

The twentieth century is witnessing a revolution in domestic science. Ere its close the hired help problem will be relegated to the past with other nightmares; for knowledge is power and when our girls solve these home-making problems their vexations will cease.

Graduate




HAIG BELOIAN





AGRICULTURAL CLASS

Teaching of Agriculture

HE most striking feature of American Agriculture has been that an abundance of fertile land has encouraged extensive methods of farming. From the fertile soil of new fields, large crops have been raised with little or no attempt to renew or enrich the soil. When fields were no longer productive new land was taken and the process repeated, but the time has come when such methods are no longer expedient. New lands are not to be had and the problem of restoring and maintaining soil fertility is a most vital issue before the American people.

For a long time the teaching of Agriculture was regarded with somewhat of doubt and derision by the practical farmer. But our Farmers Short Courses and the work of the various schools have brought him to a realization of the fact that he can listen with profit to the advice of practical, scientific education.

But aside from all this practical application of this science, the interest in the teaching of agriculture, in our public schools, is but a part of a much larger question,—the movement for teaching by means of things that have come within the students' experience. Laboratory work and all manual work are but a part of the same movement. The primary purpose of teaching agriculture is not to make farmers; it is a human-interest subject. The underlying reason why such teaching is desirable is because it brings the schools in touch with the home life—the daily life of the community. A large part of our teaching has had no relation whatever to our daily lives.

To those who are not familiar with the nature of agriculture it may seem like a trade subject; but it is not primarily a trade subject. Only about half of our population is engaged in agriculture work; but the interest in agriculture includes nearly all the population. A very large part of our city population, particularly of the larger cities, is coming to take the keenest interest in agricultural questions. Nearly every one is interested in growing plants and animals, and there are some fundamental principles of this growth that every boy and girl should have an opportunity to learn, if they so desire—not that they may become farmers or farmers' wives, but for the educational training and intelligent interest in life that this knowledge brings. This training is often as desirable for those who live in cities as for those who are to live on farms. We can never wholly separate our interests from the soil on which we walk, and the plants and animals on which our lives depend.

It is not desirable that a teacher try to make farmers of farmers' sons, or lawyers of lawyers' sons. The thing that distinguishes America from the old world is the mobility of its society. Each man may do what he likes, and become what his energy will make him. While it is not desirable to try to make farmers, it does seem desirable to stop unmaking them.

The present trend of a majority of our education is cityward. We have been living in a city-making epoch. The bright farm boy, as he attended the village high school, has been taught much that would naturally interest him in city occupations. The teacher has become interested in him, and has

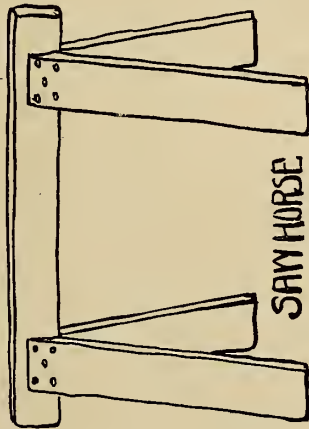
encouraged him to "make something of himself." This usually means that he becomes a lawyer, a doctor, or perhaps an engineer. The nature of his books, the advice of his friends has been such as to lead him to believe that these are the lines in which mental ability will bring the greatest returns. If he did become a farmer, he frequently felt that by doing so he lost his real opportunities. In the past this may have been so; but today the law, medicine and the ministry are not the only learned professions. The practice of agriculture now offers as wide a field for scientific study as is offered by the practice of medicine.

The teaching of agriculture will make better farmers who will make more money. It will lead more boys to choose farming as a profession, because it will open up a field for intellectual life whose existence they never suspected. But the great reason for this work is that it is one of the best means of training a student's mind; and it is one of the best means because it studies the things that come within his experience, the things with which and by which he lives.

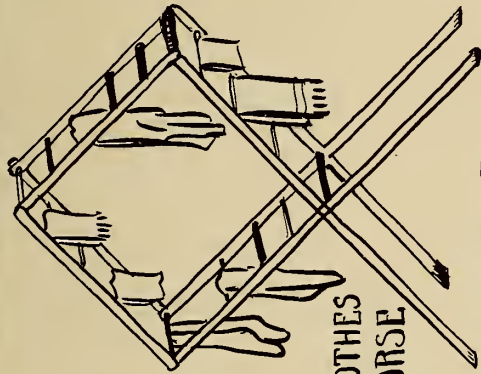




LATIN PONY



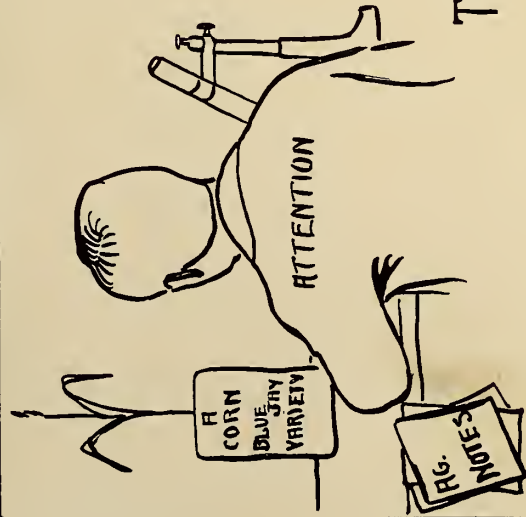
SAWHORSE



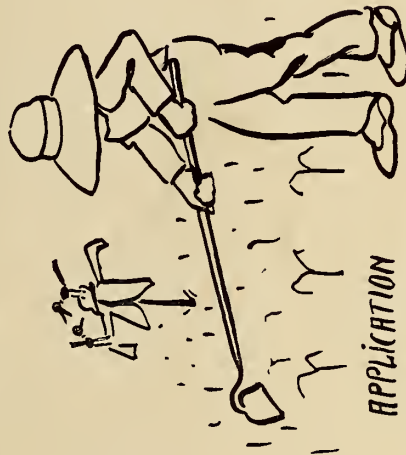
CLOTHES HORSE



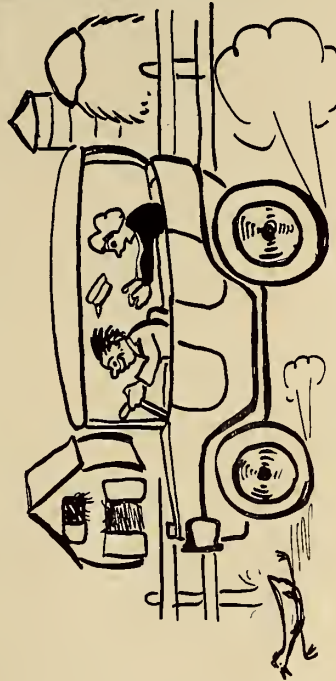
EVOLUTION OF THE HORSE.



ATTENTION

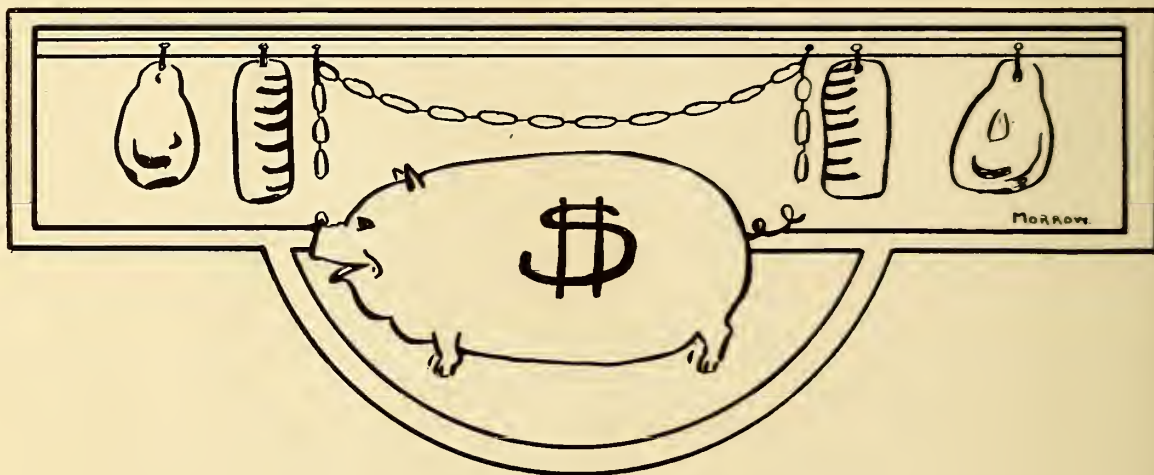


APPLICATION



APPRECIATION.

THE THREE A's OF AGRICULTURE



ATHLETICS





BASEBALL



BASKETBALL



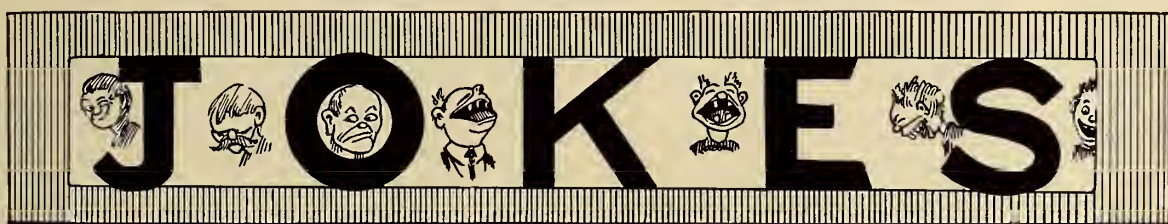
TENNIS GROUP



PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS

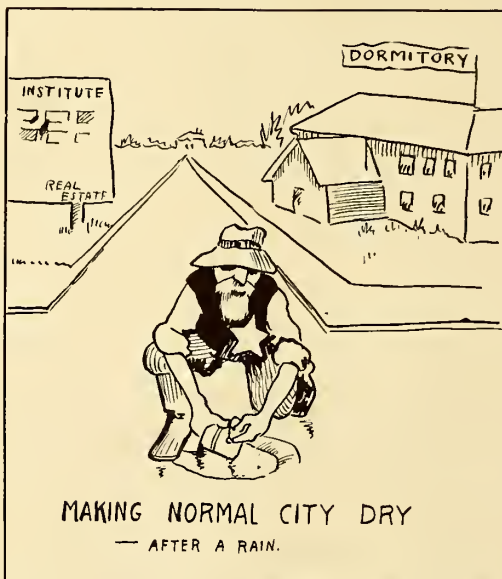


JOKES



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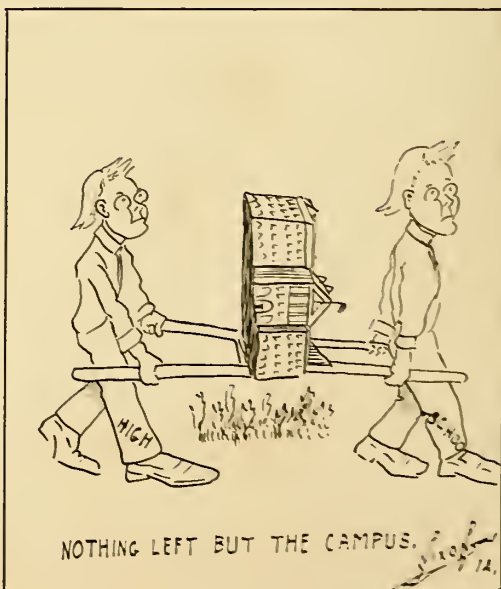
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MUNCIE, INDIANA

"One day just as night was falling in
the back yard stood a woman holding
a child by south end, of the house."

* * *

"Her brother was killed many years
before, when a cow kicked him, just
north of the corncrib."

* * *

"He died shortly after, the train hav-
ing struck him somewhere between the
round house and the depot."

* * *

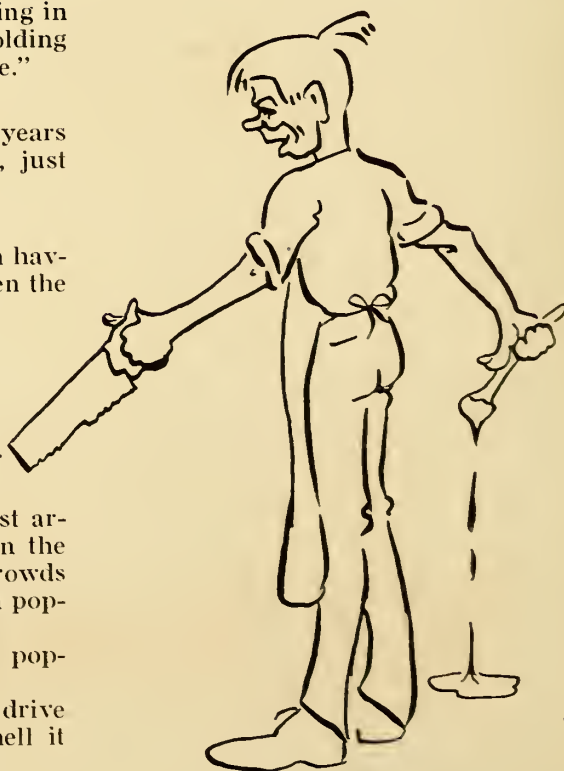
There are cases in court,
There are cases of beer,
But the worst of all cases
Is Thompson and Beulah, dear.

* * *

Ray White and his girl had just ar-
rived in town and were sitting in the
buggy watching the immense crowds
pass. They were stationed near a pop-
corn wagon.

Ray's girl said, "My, but that pop-
corn smells good."

"That's right," replied Ray, "I'll drive
up a little closer so you can smell it
better."



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Millinery
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In the cup the same.

*To Your Grocer
Just Say*

DELICIOUS
—BRAND—
STEEL CUT
PLEASE

Jos. A. Goddard Co.
Distributors

"In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or love it is even the same;
In the struggle for power or the scramble for
pelf,
Let this be your motto, 'Rely on yourself';
For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can go it alone."

* * *

The shades of night had fallen on
College Avenue and slowly a youth
was making his way toward Gibson
House. Slowly, but surely, he mount-
ed the steps that led to the home of his
fiancee.

Miss Dougherty met him at the
door with joyous smile and they sat on
the porch talking of the weather and
other things.

Presently young Harris dropped his
hand into his pocket and produced a
small square box.

"I have a present for you," he began.
"I don't know whether it will fit your
finger or not, but—"

"Oh, John!" broke in the girl, "this
is so sudden! Why I never dreamed—"

But just then John produced the gift
—a silver thimble. And the atmosphere

suddenly became cooler on the porch.

The pony is my helper, I shall not
flunk. He maketh me to sit in my seat,
He leadeth me in the path of smart
boys and girls, for my grades sake,
Yea, though I walk through the valley
of hard exams., I will fear no Prof. for
thou art in my pocket, Thou annoint-
est my head with praise, my grade run-
eth high. Surely honor, and good
grades shall follow me all the days of
my life for I will ride on the back of
my pony forever.—Denzel Stewart.

* * *

Blanche is a good girl
Blanche is a dandy.
She likes to kiss the boys
And eat up all their candy.

* * *

Ruth is young but everyone
On her tries to make a mash.

* * *

Every day after school
Ralph and Arthur take a stroll
And what are they looking for
Nothing more than a pretty girl.

* * *

Grace's shyness must be overlooked.
Especially among a crowd,
But if you see her and her lad alone
You'd certainly be surprised.

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Athletic Sweaters

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Money left with us draws good dividends, which compound semi-annually. You will be surprised to see how rapidly money will grow when compounded twice a year.

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Nellie Harns: "Oh, I wish, oh, I wish I was in the arms of Gaston. Nobody loves a FAT MAN."

* * *

Don't be a knocker; forget your woes and see the things through the other man's eyes. Be a lifter, not a leaver, and smile—smile—smile. The man who is wanted in the professional world is the man with a sense of humor and a laugh.

* * *

Teacher—Walter, where do you feel sick?

Walter—On my way to school.

* * *

Dilts (in History)—He was killed, and that was the last of him.

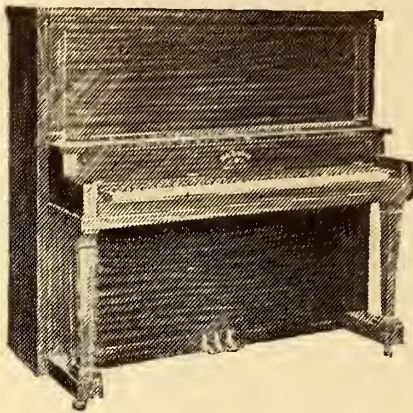
* * *

Prof. James—Hogan you ask me a question.

Hogan—Yes, sir, what was it?

* * *

Denzel Stewart (at class picnic)—I like to eat chicken all right, if I just don't get my ears so mussy.



Bell Brothers Pianos

are made in Muncie, exclusively for discriminating musicians, and are sold wherever artistic pianos are appreciated.

Bell Brothers Pianos contain patented improvements not found in other pianos. Through these improvements results in tone quality are obtained that make them the choice of artists and teachers.

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Yours respectfully,

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ORVILLE HARROLD.

Mrs. Bart (in U. S. History class)—Name the members of Washington's Cabinet?

They were named ending with Jefferson, Jay, Randolph.
Lewis Reed—No, he never Ranned-off.

Geom. Teacher (explaining commensurable and uncommensurable quantities in Geom. II.)—Now, pupils, for instance, I have twenty-one quarts and two feet, you know that feet cannot go into quarts.

C. H.—No, but feet can go into bushels.

I was alarmed last night—L. E. Burton.

Fred was discussing the basketball team, of which he was a member. and said to the girl: "You know Barefoot? Well, he's going to be our best man before long."

"Oh, Fred!" she cried, "what a nice way to propose!"

A goat ate all our other Jokes,
And then began to run;
"I cannot stop," he softly said,
"I am so full of fun."—Ex.

The Burton orchestra consists of a trombone, a piano, a cornet and a violin.—Prof. Gast.

Dora Evans, in Geom. Class, after Prof. Boucher had finished a long explanation about a proposition: "Where do you get all that stuff?"

Prof.—What are you doing; learning anything?

Student—No, sir, listening to you.—Ex.

Delaware Hotel



Lines in Physics should remind us,
We should strive to do our best,
And departing leave behind us;
Note books that will help the rest.

Oh! mother dear, said Willie,
It's funny, don't you think
That if we're made of dust,
We don't get muddy when we drink?

What ever trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore,
By saying when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before!"

* * *

The saucer into which the cup of
misery overflowed.

A night cap to fit the head of the
river.

A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes
of Justice.

A broom with the storm swept over
the sea.



Women's Footwear

Latest and Most Fashionable Styles
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Colonial Pumps and Strap with High Heel;
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221 and 223 SOUTH WALNUT STREET

The Daylight Store

Muncie, Indiana

THE STANDARD REVISION

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and turn out as Roscoe Denzel Stewart?

DITTO NUMBER TWO

"Blow, blow thou wintry wind," you don't have anything on Fred Baker when it comes to that line of work.

High School Microbe (who dyed the green carpet in the office) — Of what kind of a fish does Prof. Boucher remind you?

Geometry Student—Shark.

H. S. M.—Nope.

Business Student—Starfish.

H. S. M.—You're wrong again. It's a Sardine (Sour Dean.)

Edgar Rogers bats his eyes like a toad in a hail storm since the "arrival." Surely he does not believe that a child can inherit paternal traits of character or his smile would vanish like a dream. It's a pity that his ears are not farther apart so that his smile could be broader.

* * *

Latin Prof.—Don't you think you had better turn the page? You've already translated eight lines on the next.—Ex.

Rev. ——— in a speech: "Common sense is the most uncommon of all senses."

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STUDENTS



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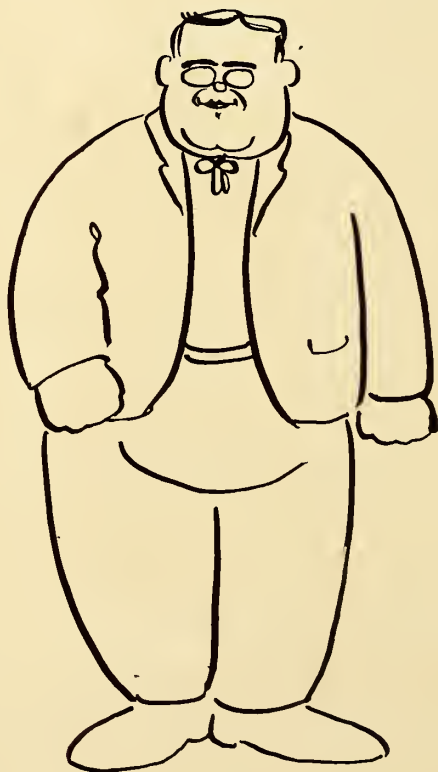
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Your inspection cordially invited

We have the finest SHOE REPAIR DEPARTMENT in Eastern Indiana. An examination of our repairman's work will convince you that he is an expert.

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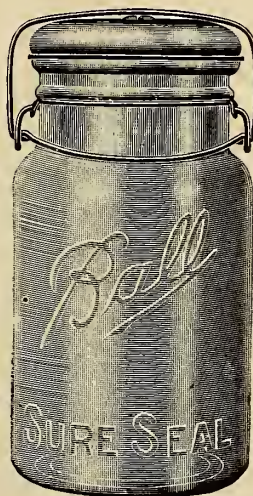
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Easy to Seal

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and Sanitary

WIDER OPENING THAN ANY OTHER
LIGHTNING STYLE JAR



MANUFACTURED BY **BALL BROS. GLASS MFG. CO.** MUNCIE, INDIANA

Inquisitive Merchant—Mr. Arnold, have you bought your spring suit yet?
 Homer—Yes, I bought it yesterday.
 I. M.—What kind did you buy?
 H. A.—Why, B-V-D's, of course.

MUSIC IN CHAPEL

First Morning: "The Dying Poet."
 Second Morning: "The Dead Poet."
 Third Morning: "What Killed the Poet."

PROF. CLARK'S SOLILOQUY

These Annual stunts are such a bore,
 With all their pictured groups and such,
 One needs must cut his hair once more,
 In sooth it frets and peeves me much.

PROF. TRIPP, DITTO

Woodman, cut that tree
 Spare not a single bough,
 In youth I carved a lady's name,
 But she loves another now.



TRIPPING DOWN THE CHUTE

THE CAUSE OF PROF. GAST'S HUMILITY

One morning last winter our worthy instructor in music was coming from town when the wind blew his hat into the river. This would not have been so bad had not the fellow who found it looked on the inside and saw the price mark.

IN THE AGRICULTURAL CLASS

Prof. Quear, telling of horse judging class: "Now, there will be an army officer there. He should be able to tell a good calvary (meaning cavalry) horse when he sees one."

Prof. Quear—Miss Vaughn, how is a good way to keep hogs in a pen which has large holes in the fence?

Anna—In our county they just tie knots in their tails.

IN THE ETHICS CLASS

Prof. Pearce—Why is it, Mr. Lambert, that the bums that do happen to join the army never get shot?

Bob—They quit when they are only half-shot.

IN THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS

Miss Strauch—Virginia, what is pasteurized milk?

Virginia Sauers—I don't know unless it comes from pasture-fed cows.

Miss S.—That's right.

Prof. Pearce in Chapel: "If life is rough it is the liver's fault." (Now, you know that when Life is rough he has liver complaint.)

Prof. Clark—Why does Powell wear a high collar?

The Philosopher—He thinks a high collar will hide a rough neck.

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